

CANDY

WALT
DISNEY
I.C.C.
8

AUGUST
No. 5

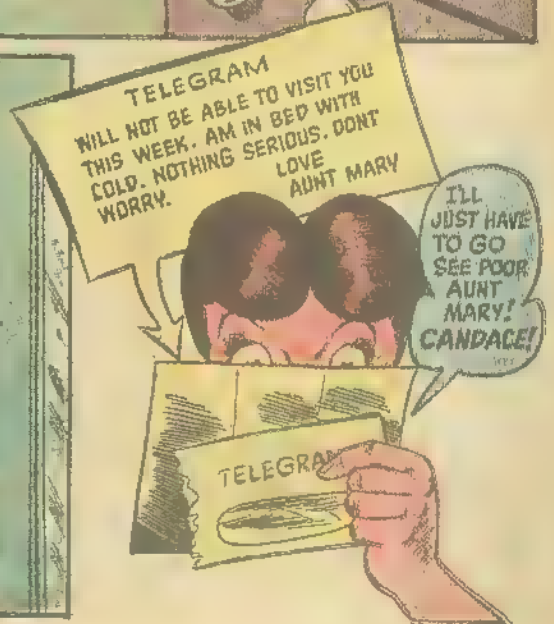
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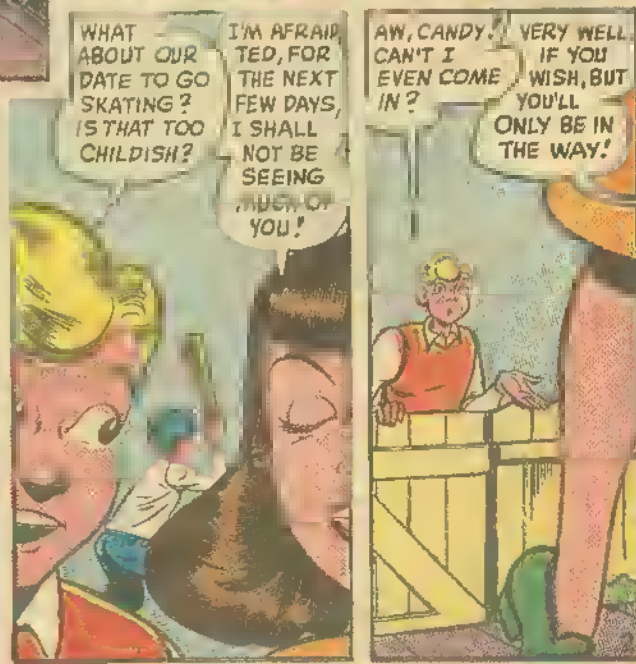
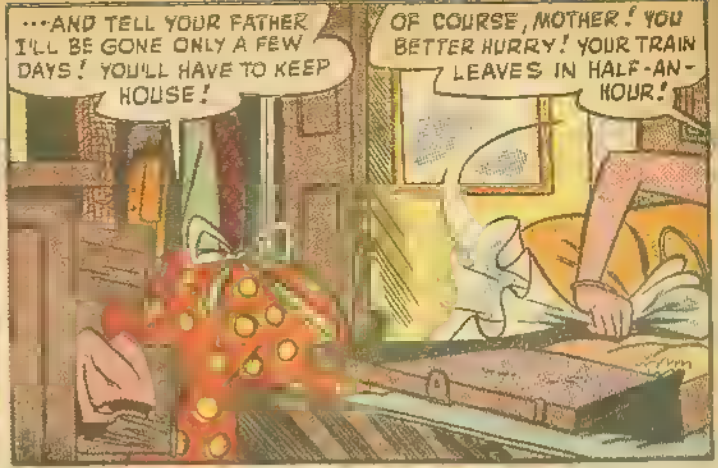
GEE, CANDY,
I SURE GET A
BIG BANG
OUT OF DRIVING
IN THE COUNTRY!

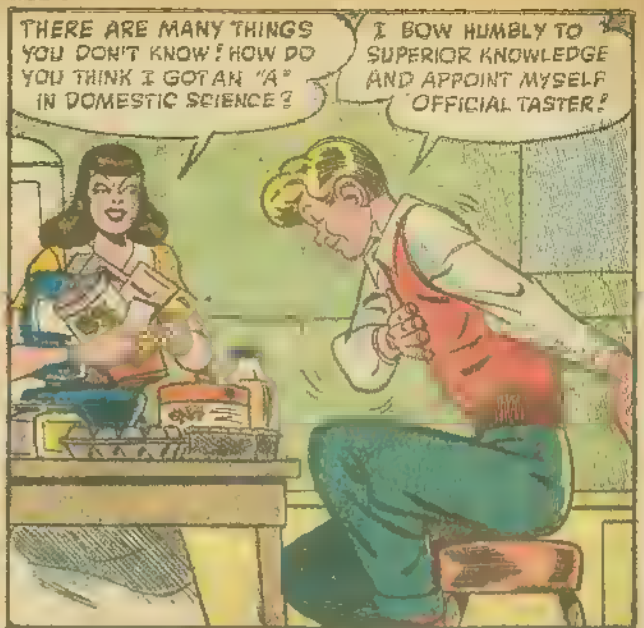
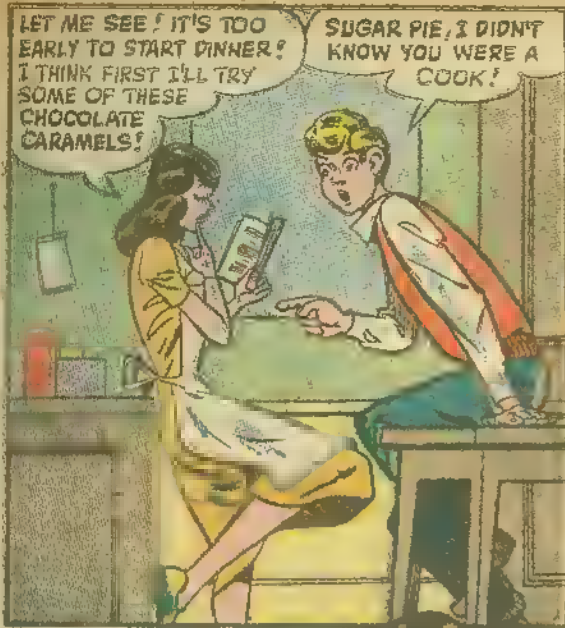


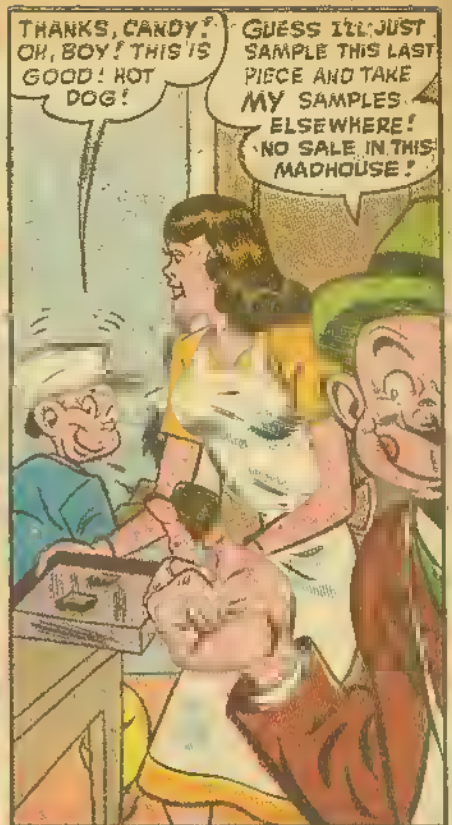


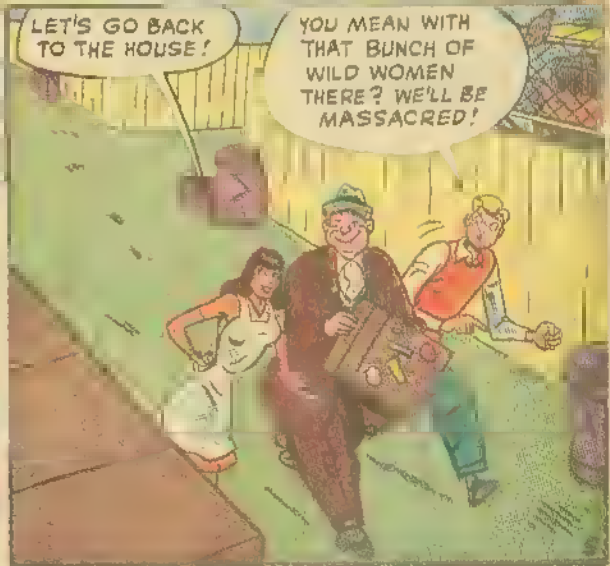
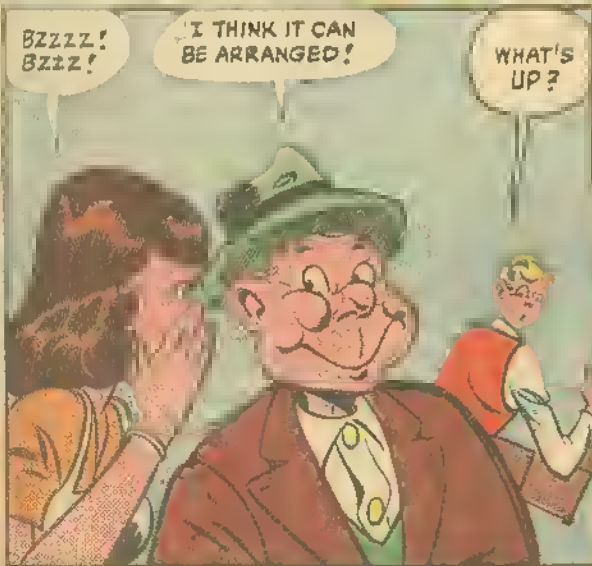
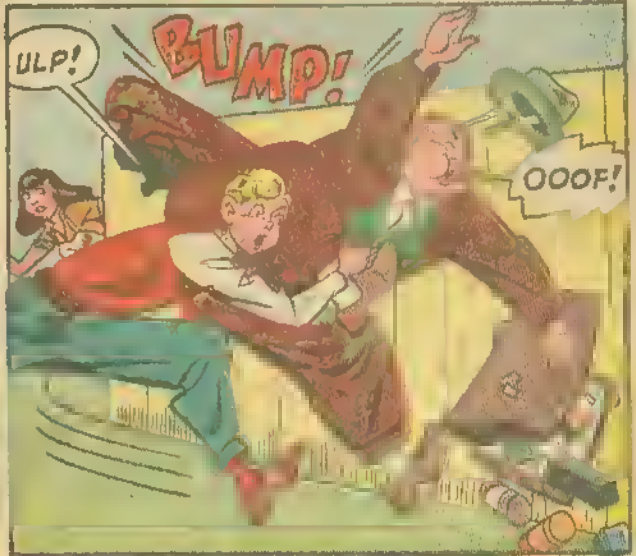
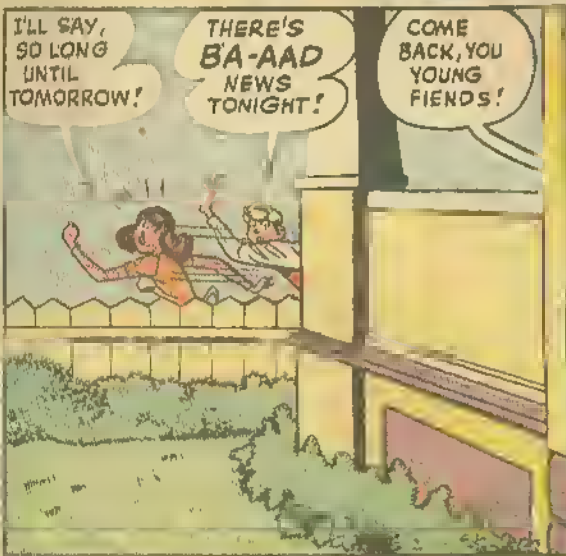
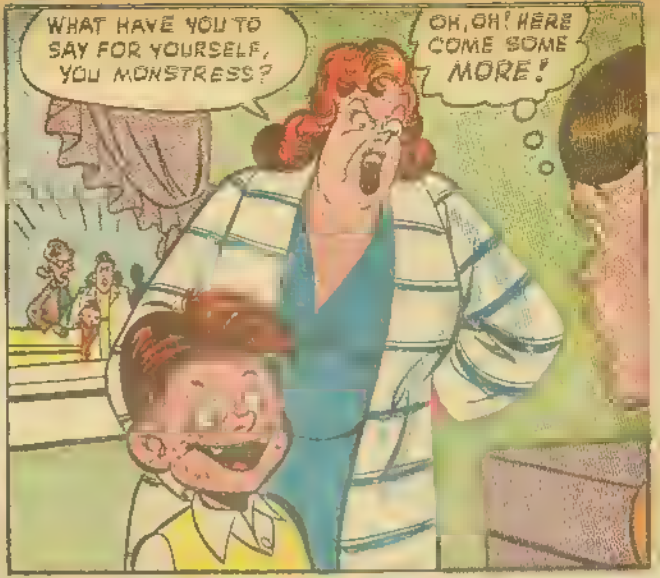
WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

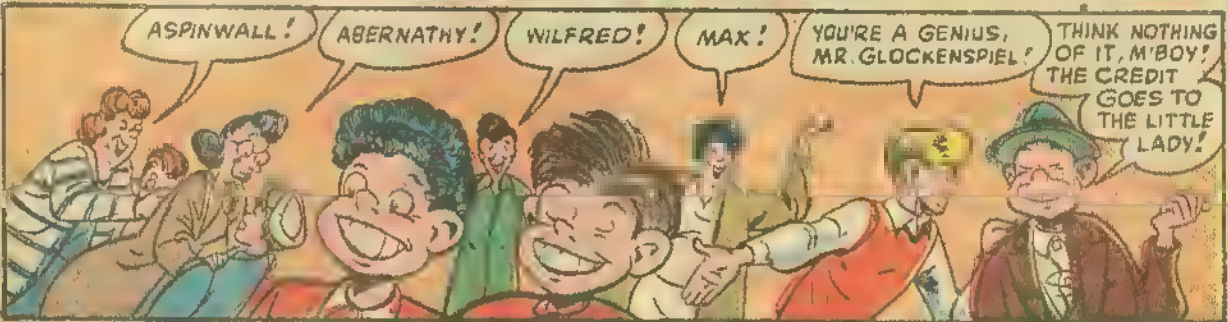


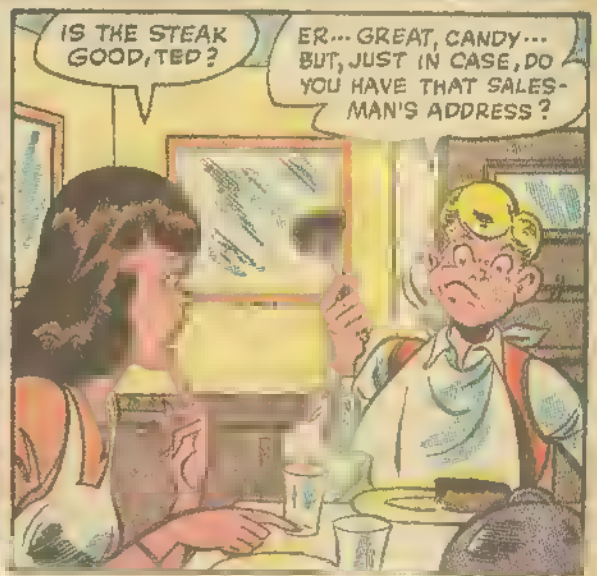
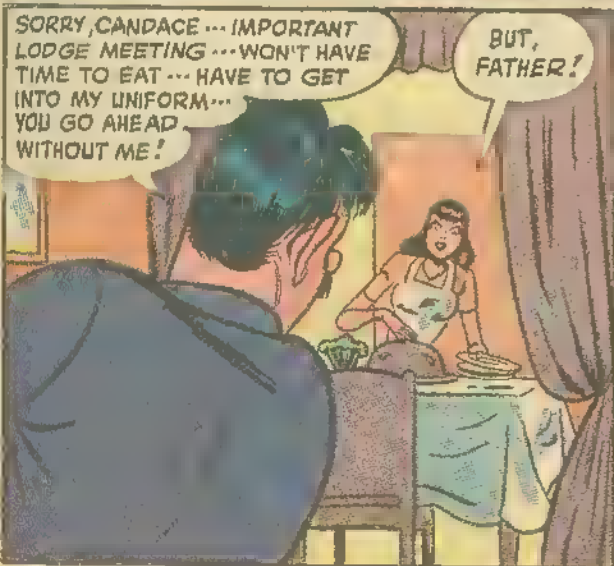
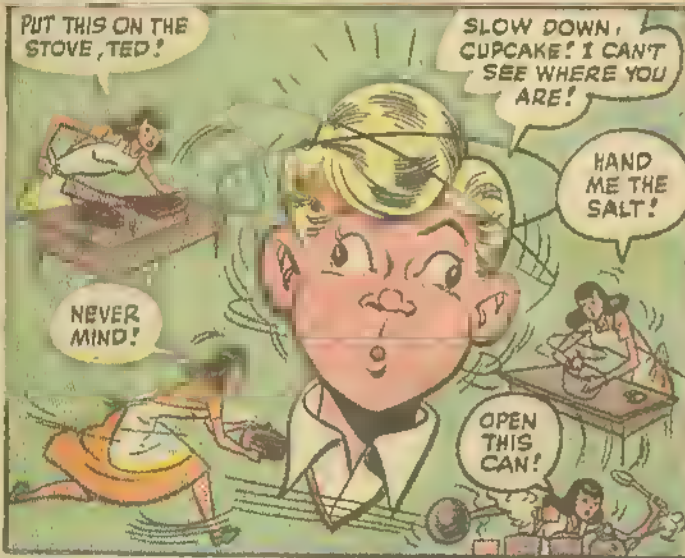
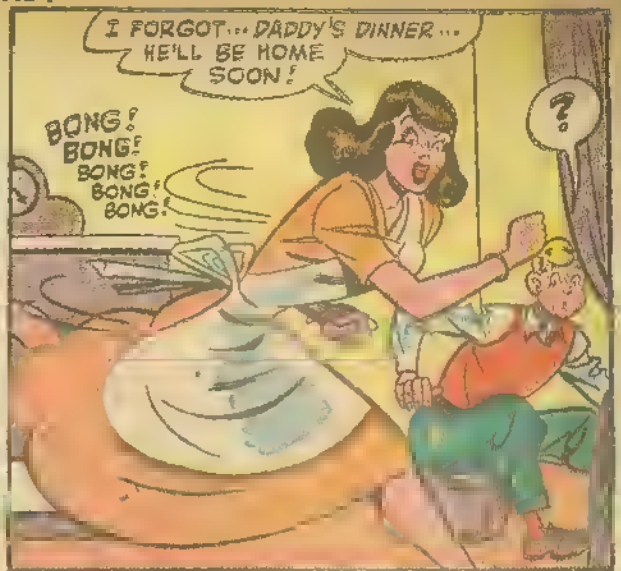
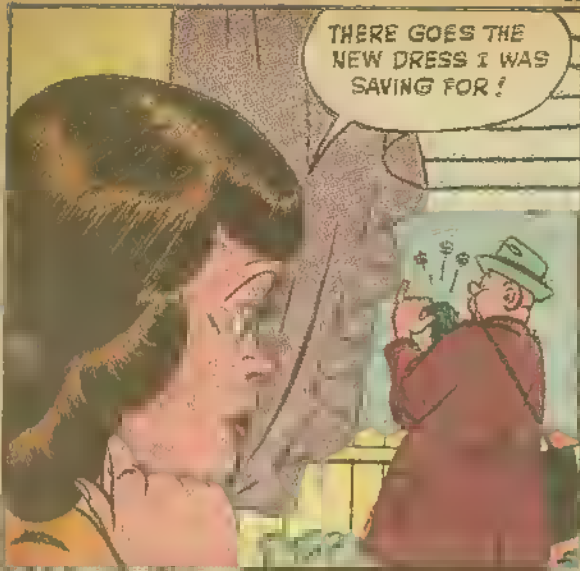


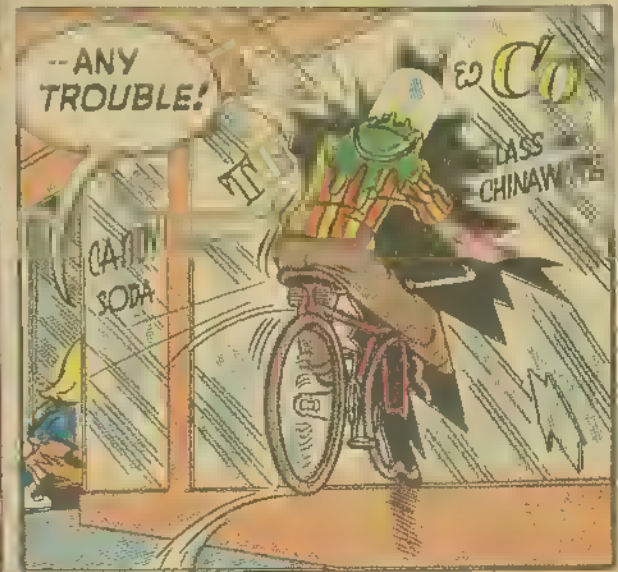
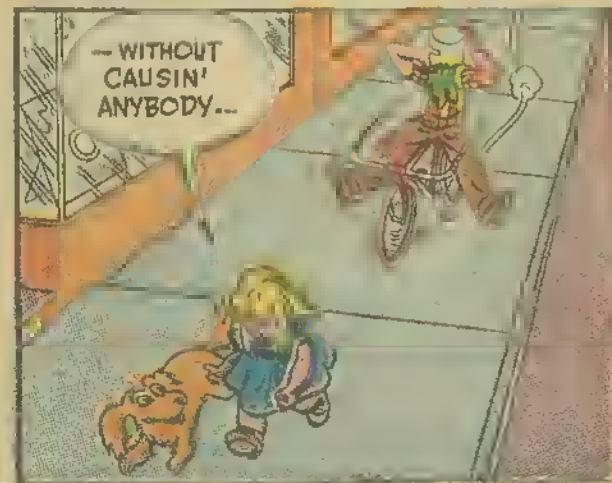
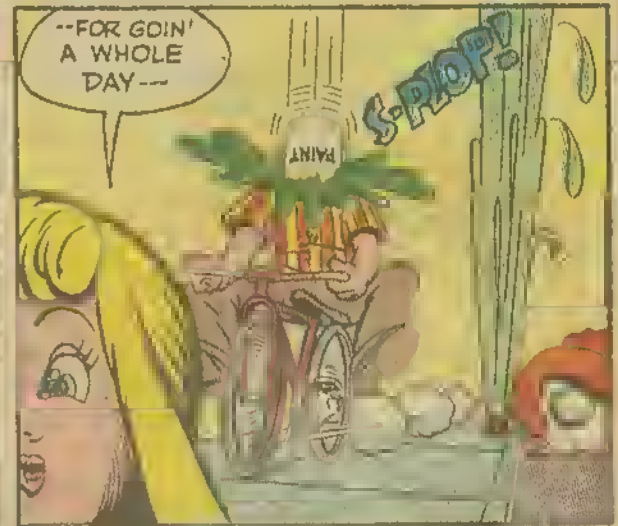
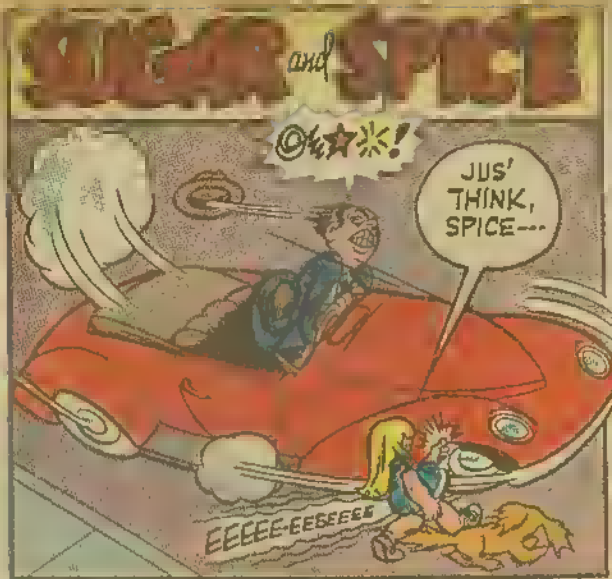












Candy



HOLD IT,
MISS
O'CONNOR!

THAT'S
PERFECT,
MISS
O'CONNOR!

SIGH:
GOSH,
SHE'S
GLAMOROUS!

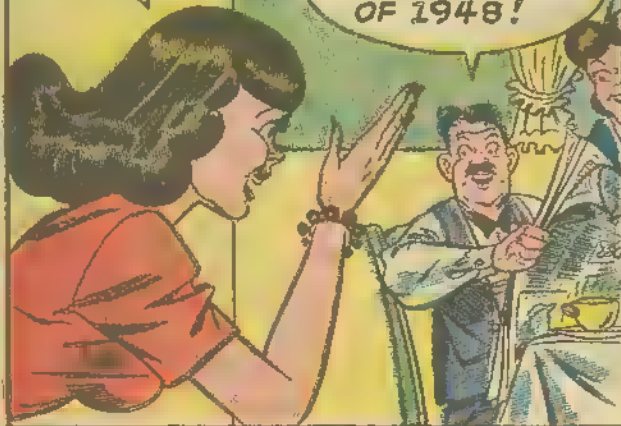
This is the way CANDY dreamed it would happen, BUT... here's the real story...

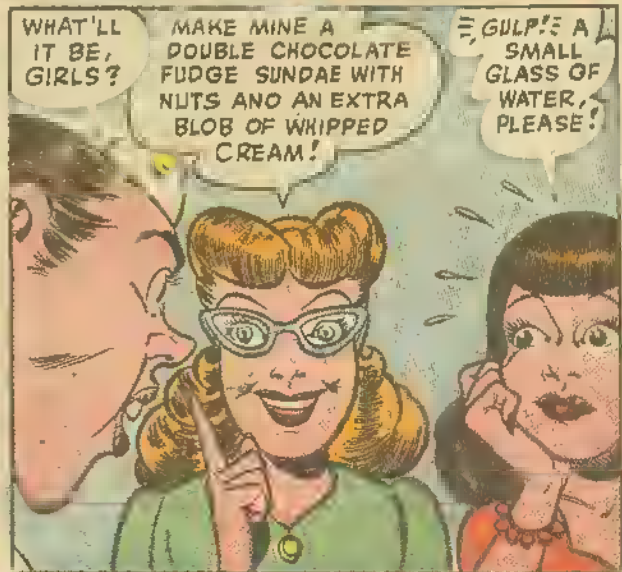
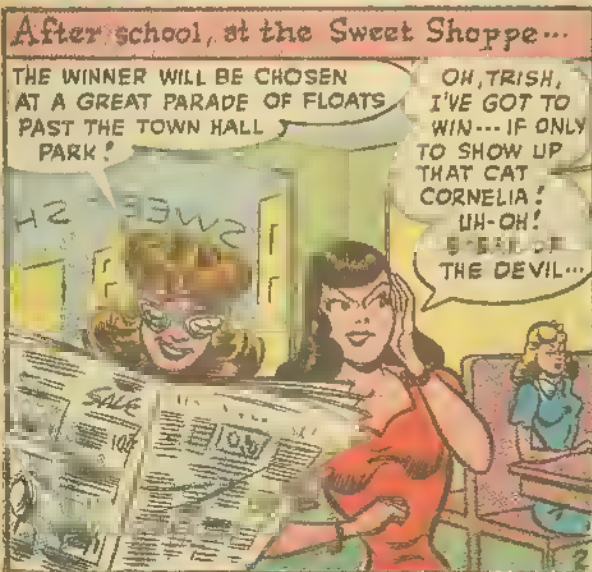
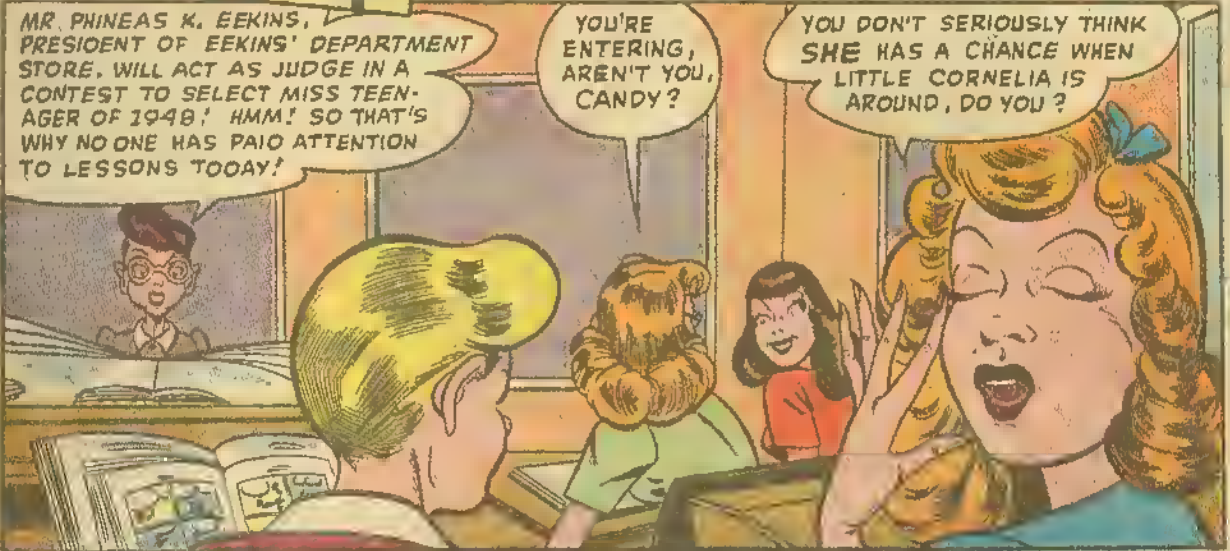
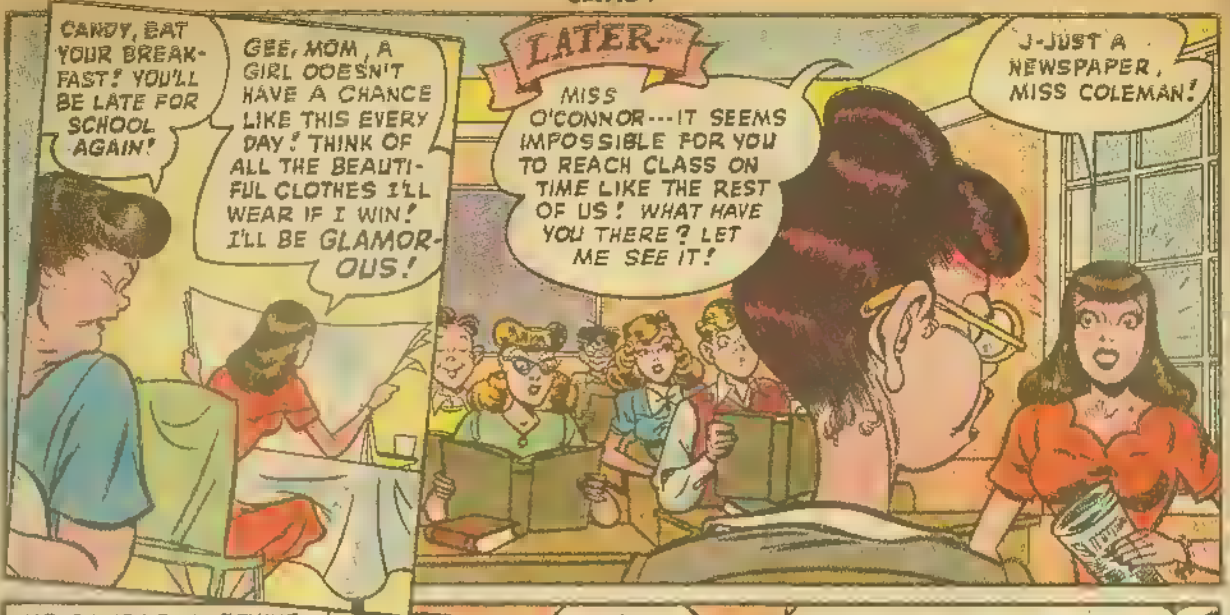
MORNING, MOTHER
AND DAD? JEEPERS,
I'LL HAVE TO HURRY!
IT'S LATE!

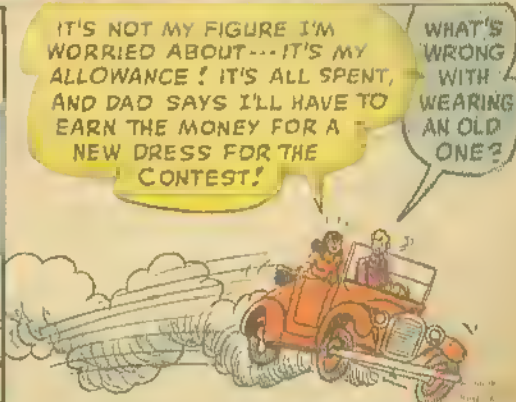
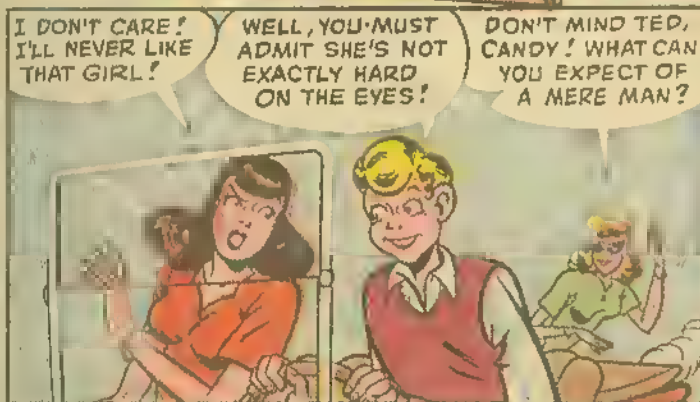
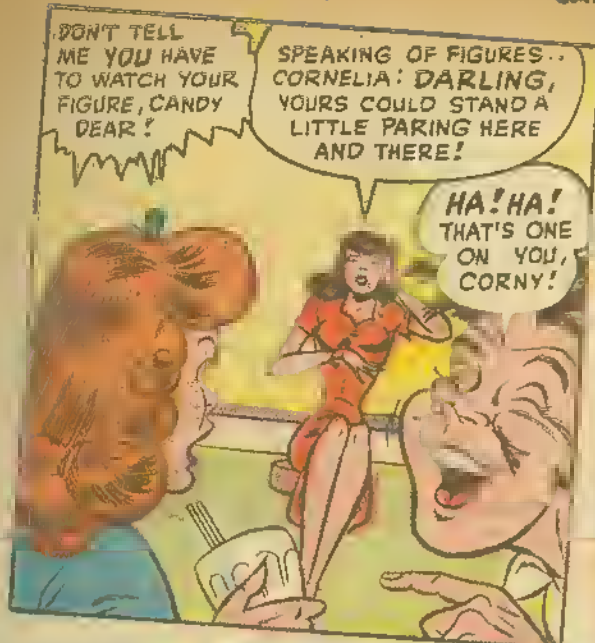
MORNING, CANDY! I SEE
EEKINS' DEPARTMENT
STORE IS HAVING A
CONTEST TO PICK
MISS TEEN-AGER
OF 1948!

CONTEST?
WHERE IS IT?
LET ME SEE!

I WAS JUST GOING TO
TELL YOU ABOUT IT! THE
WINNER WILL BE A MODEL
IN A GIGANTIC ADVER-
TISING CAMPAIGN FOR
THE STORE!







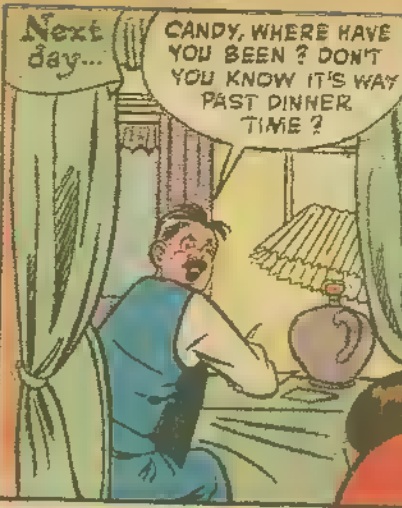
Later...

I'M SORRY, TED?
CAN'T GO TO THE
MOVIES TONIGHT!
I'M GOING TO SIT
WITH MRS. RYAN'S
BABY!



Next
day...

CANDY, WHERE HAVE
YOU BEEN? DON'T
YOU KNOW IT'S WAY
PAST DINNER
TIME?

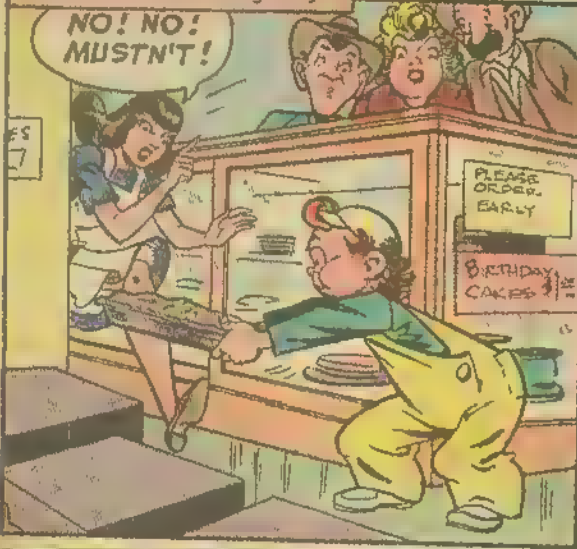


I'VE BEEN RUNNING ERRANDS
FOR THE NEIGHBORS, DAD! I
MADE \$2.00! AND
TOMORROW I'VE GOT
A JOB IN SCHMIDT'S
BAKERY!



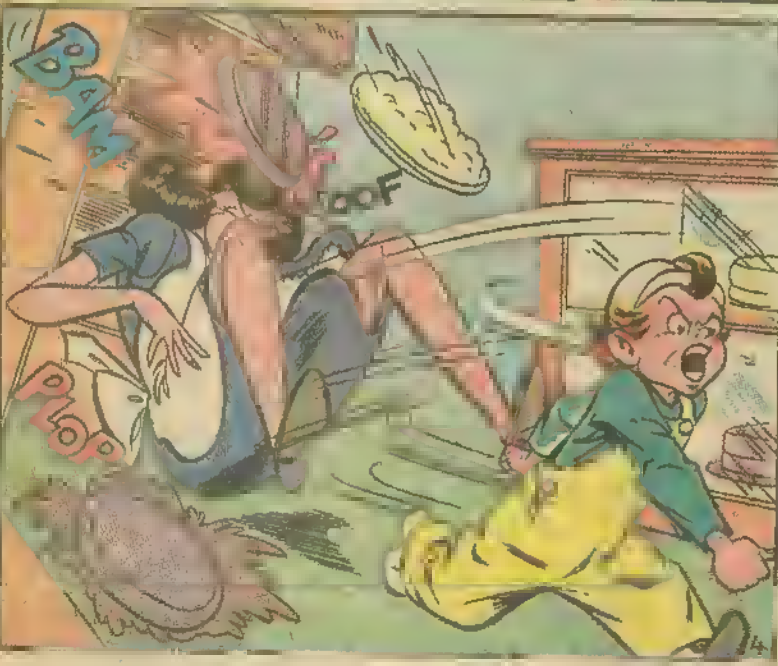
And the following day...

NO! NO!
MUSTN'T!



GIVE CANDY
THE PIE!

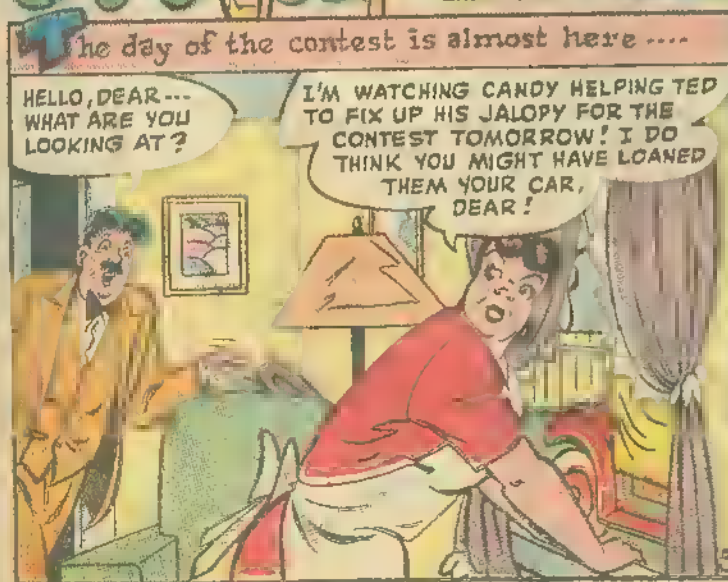
WAH!
I WON'T!



WHERE IS THAT
CHILD? YOU NEVER
SEE HER FROM
MORNING TILL
NIGHT!

WHAT CAN
YOU EXPECT?
YOU REFUSE
TO ADVANCE
HER ALLOWANCE
AND SHE HAS TO
MAKE MONEY
SOMEHOW!





IT'S SURE ON THE BEAM, TED! DO YOU SUPPOSE I HAVE A CHANCE?

WHY, OF COURSE, HONEY! WITH THAT BEAUTIFUL NEW DRAPE JOB, YOU CAN'T LOSE! I'LL LEAVE THE JALOP HERE TONIGHT! SEE YOU BRIGHT AND EARLY TOMORROW MORNING!

DEWEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WHAT'S THE RUSH?

OH--TED! SORRY I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU! UH-- I GOTTA GO NOW!

WONDER WHAT'S EATING DEWEY? HE SURE ACTED QUEER!

SIGH

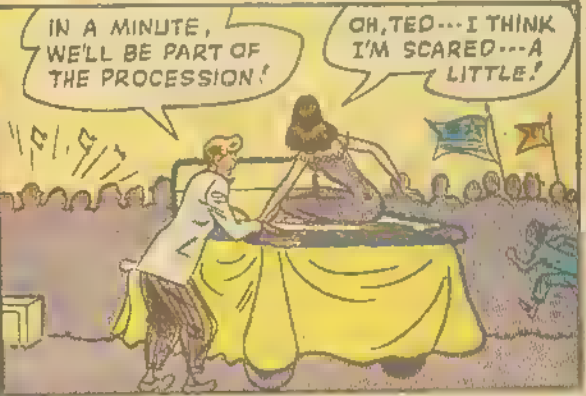
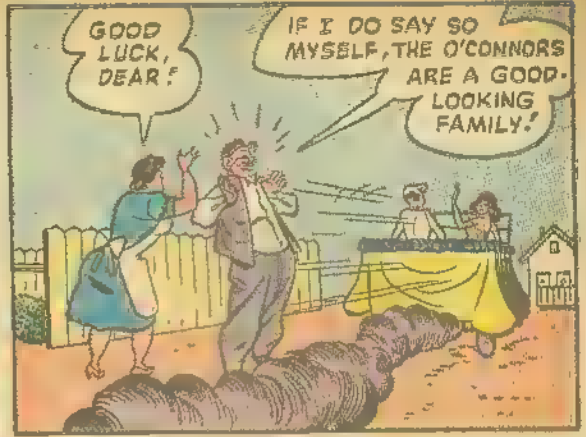
AH, WHAT A MAN WILL STOOP TO, TO WIN A FAIR WOMAN'S FAVOR!

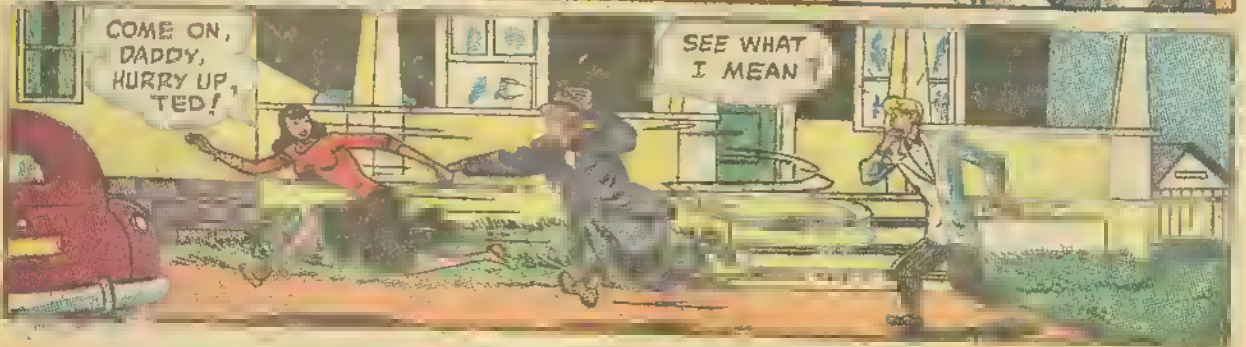
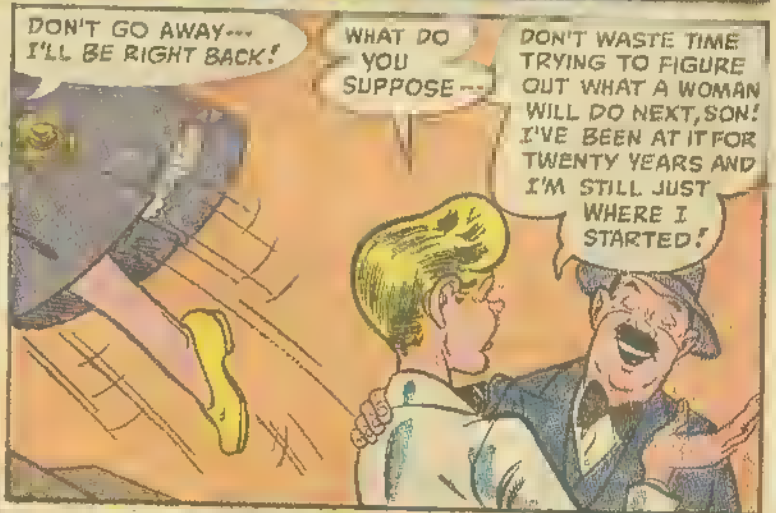
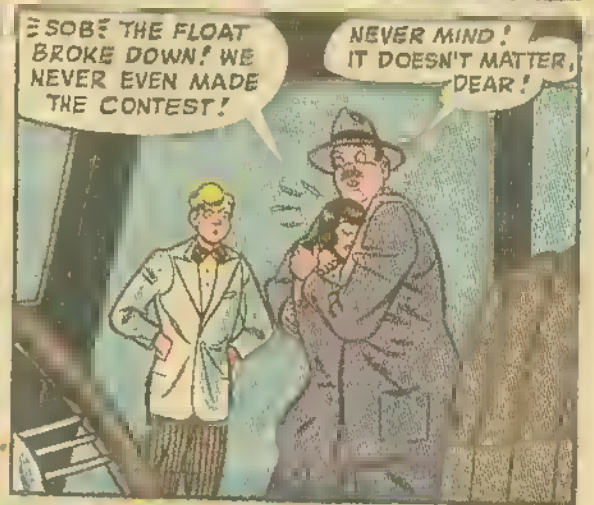
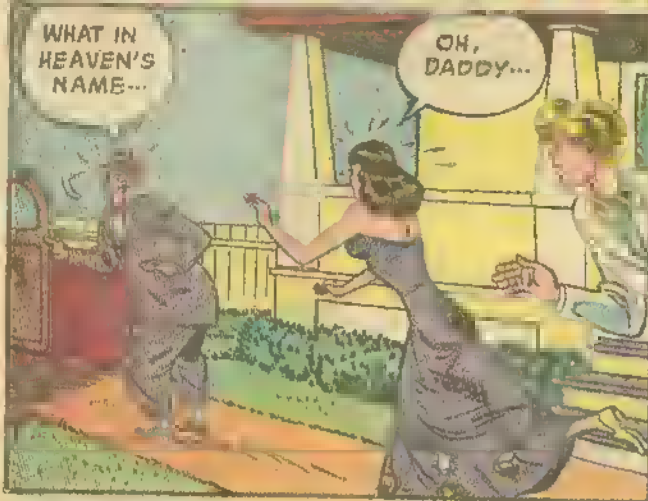
Next morning...

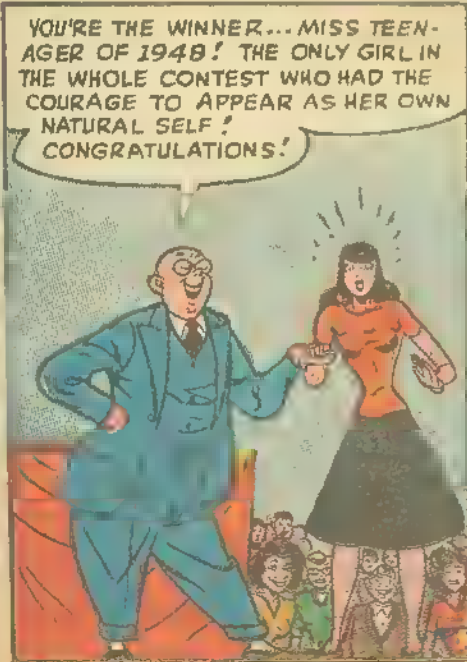
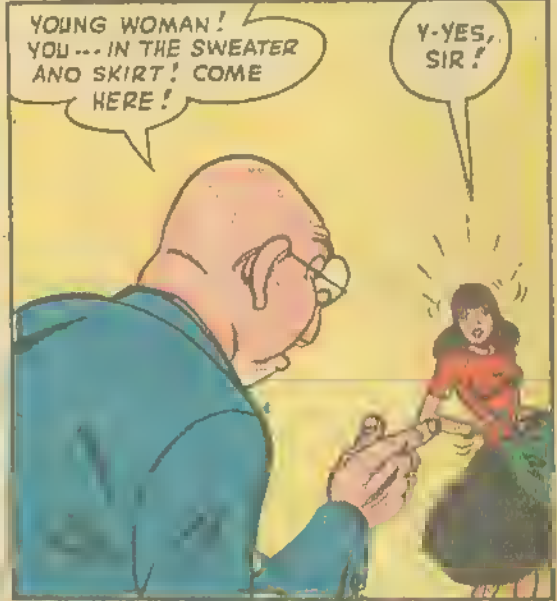
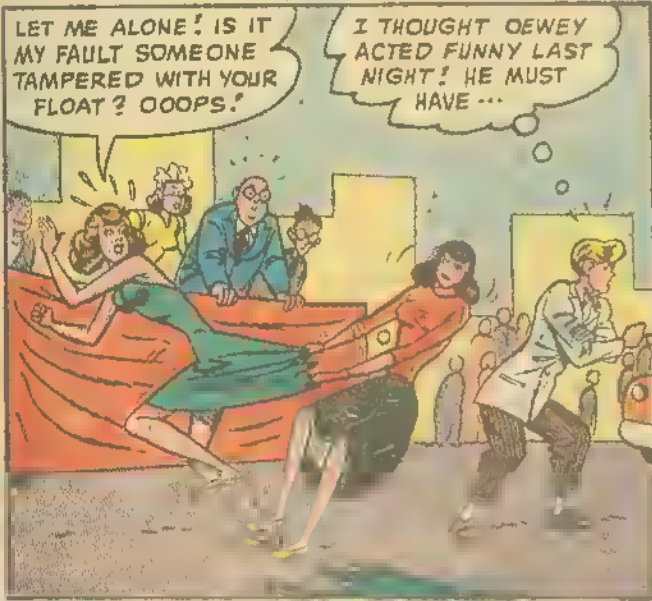
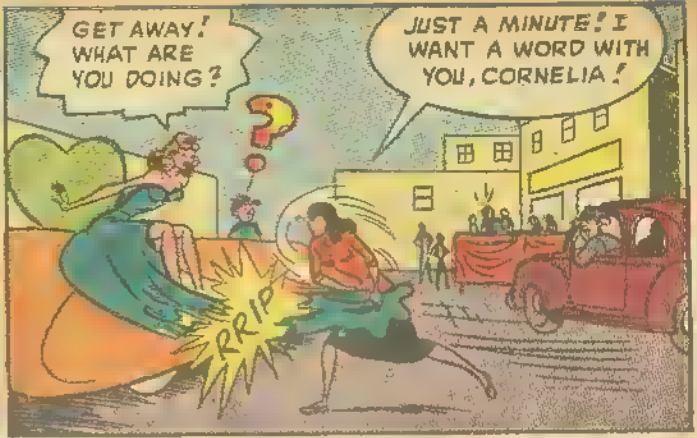
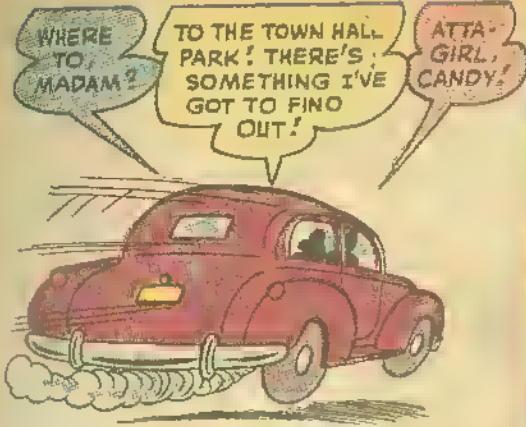
I'LL HAVE TO MAKE WITH THE LIGHTNING! TED'LL BE HERE IN AN HOUR AND TODAY'S THE BIG DAY!

CANDY... TED'S HERE!

I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!

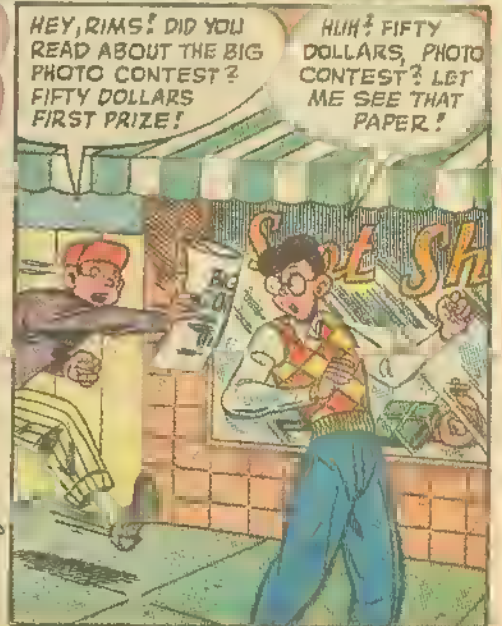


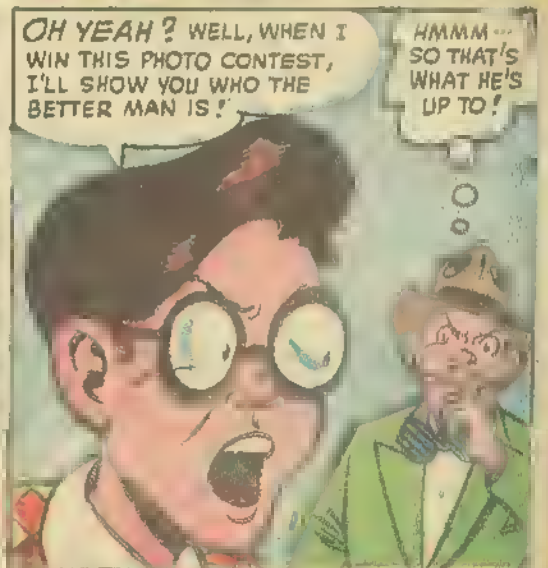
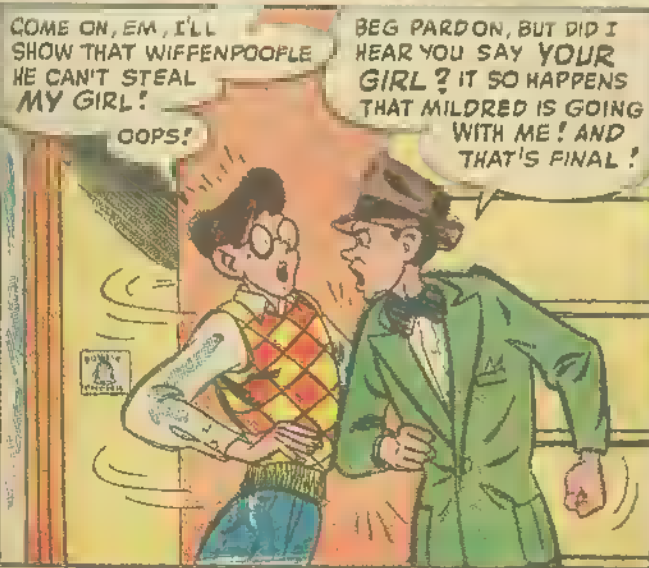
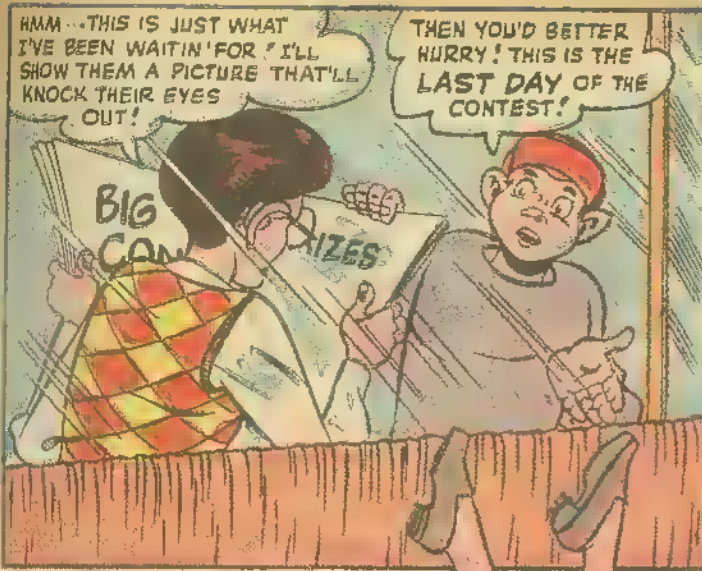


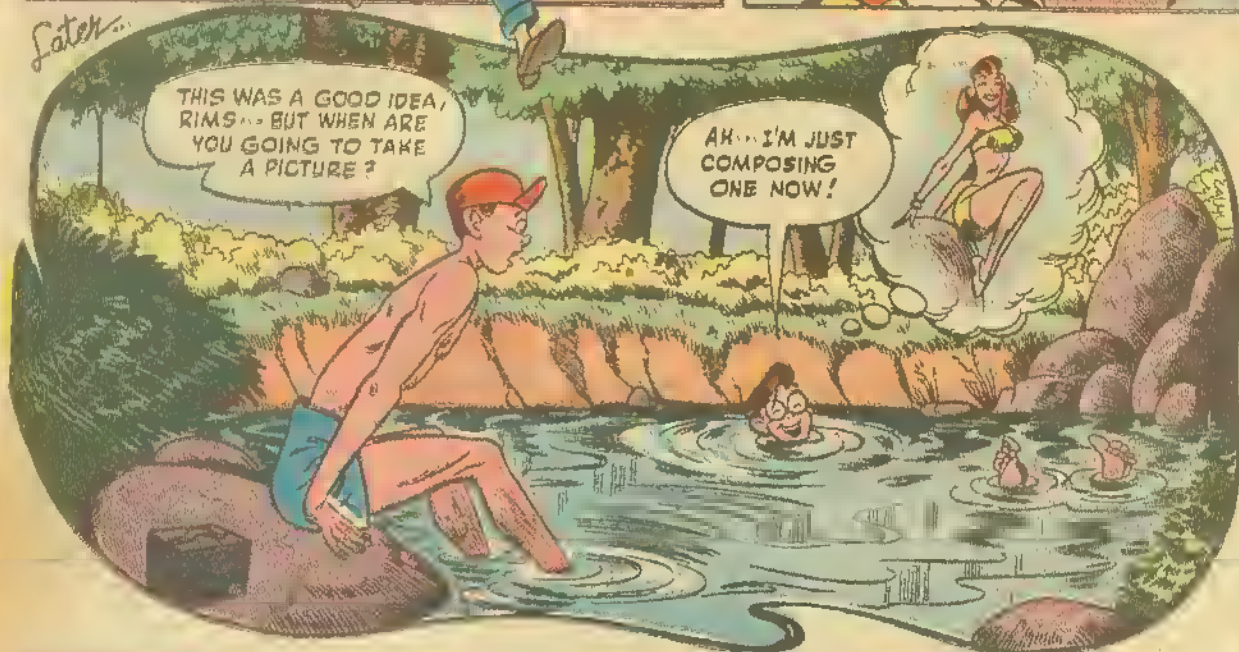
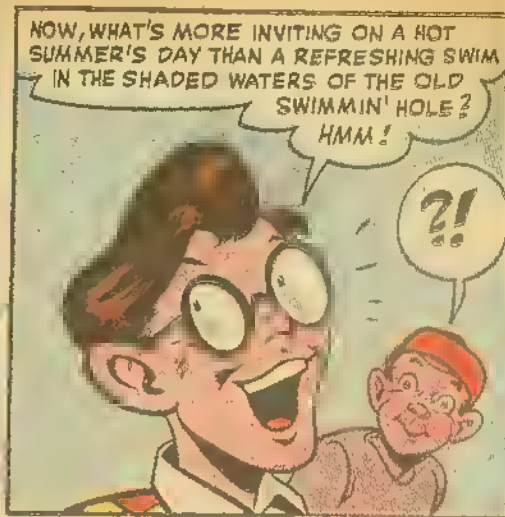
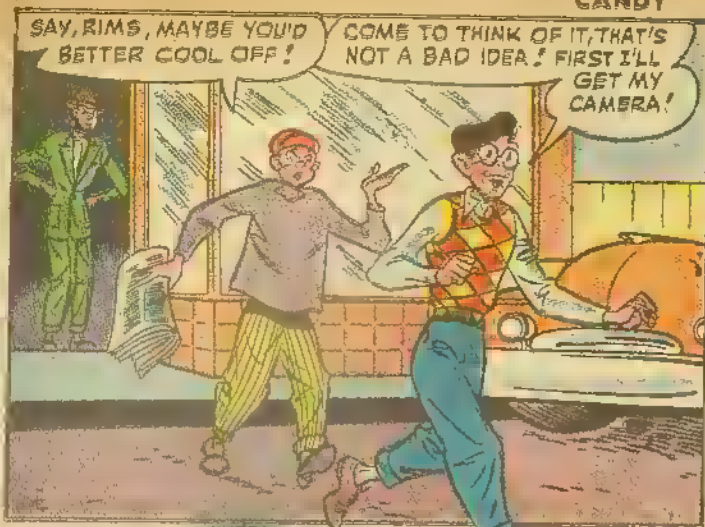




WOT AM I GONNA DO?
I CAN'T ASK POP FOR
ANOTHER ADVANCE...
AND THERE'S NOT A
JOB AROUND THAT
SUITS MY
TALENTS!







NOW, LET'S TRY ANOTHER
DIVING SHOT! DO A HIGH
DIVE THIS TIME!

I CAN'T GET HIS CAMERA YET,
BUT THEIR CLOTHES WILL
DO FOR NOW!

HEH, HEH! WAIT'LL THE BOYS
LOOK FOR THEIR CLOTHES...
I'LL CUT THE ROPE AND WHAMMY!
WOON'T THEY BE SURPRISED!

ALL'S
FAIR...
OOPS!

GULP... I'M STUCK! IF I YELL,
I'LL GIVE MYSELF AWAY... IF I...
HEY, COW! DON'T... NO! DON'T
DO THAT! IF YOU RELEASE
THAT ROPE, I'LL...

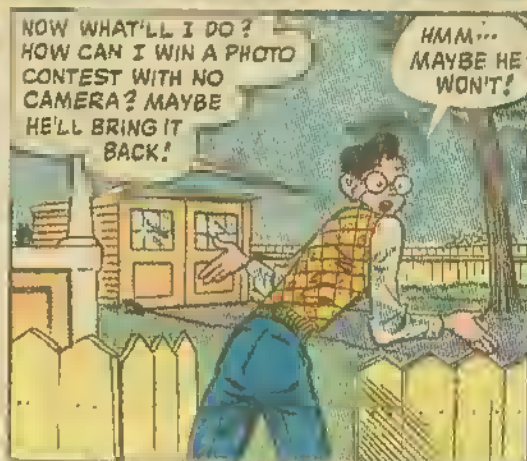
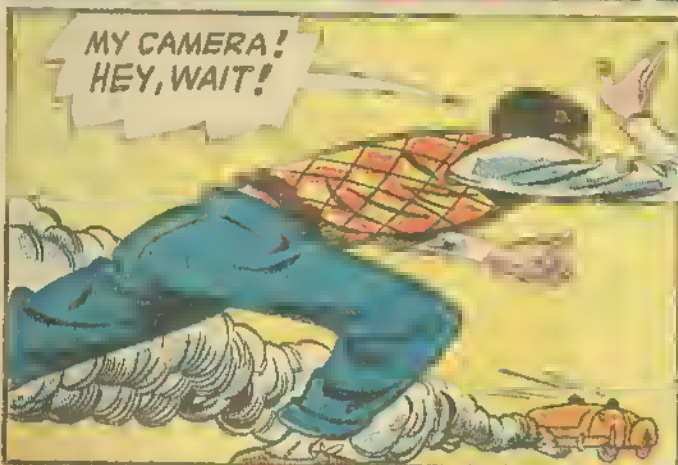
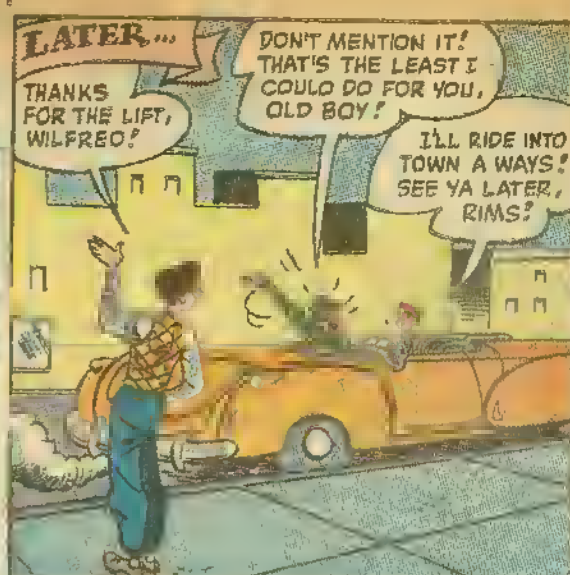
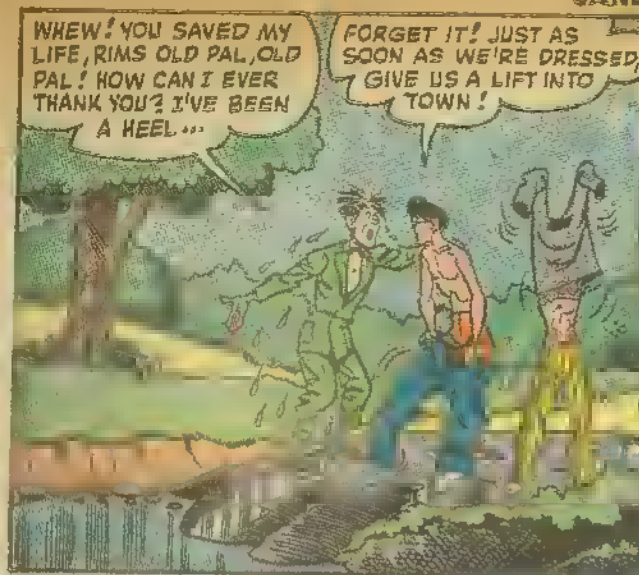
ZOOM!

OOOOOH!

KERPLUNK!

HELP!
SAVE ME!

I SHOULDN'T DO
THIS... HOLD TH'
CAMERA, EMER-
SON!



GULP! NOW I'VE GOT TO CALL MILDRED AGAIN AND TELL HER TH' WHOLE DEAL'S OFF!

I'M SORRY, MILDRED, BUT MY PLANS DIDN'T DEVELOP! I WON'T BE ABLE TO TAKE YOU TO THE DANCE --- GULP!

HMPH! FINE THING! I WISH YOU'D MAKE UP YOUR MIND, RIMS! GOOD-BYE!

Next day...

RIMS! RIMS! YOUR PICTURE OF THE HIGH DIVE WON THE PHOTO CONTEST!

HUH?

BUT... BUT HOW COME? WILFRED WIFFENPOOFLE EXPOSED THE FILM! HE SHOWED ME THE BLANK ROLL!

OH, THAT WAS THE NEW ROLL I PUT IN! I TOOK THE OTHER ONE TO THE NEWSPAPER WHEN I LEFT YOU YESTERDAY! NOW YOU GOTTA GO AND COLLECT THE FIFTY SMACKEROOS!

FIRST PRIZE

YIPPEE! NOW I CAN TAKE MILDRED AFTER ALL! I'LL SHOW WILFRED HE CAN'T MUSCLE IN ON MY DATE!

NOT SO FAST! HE ISN'T TAKING MILDRED TO THE DANCE...

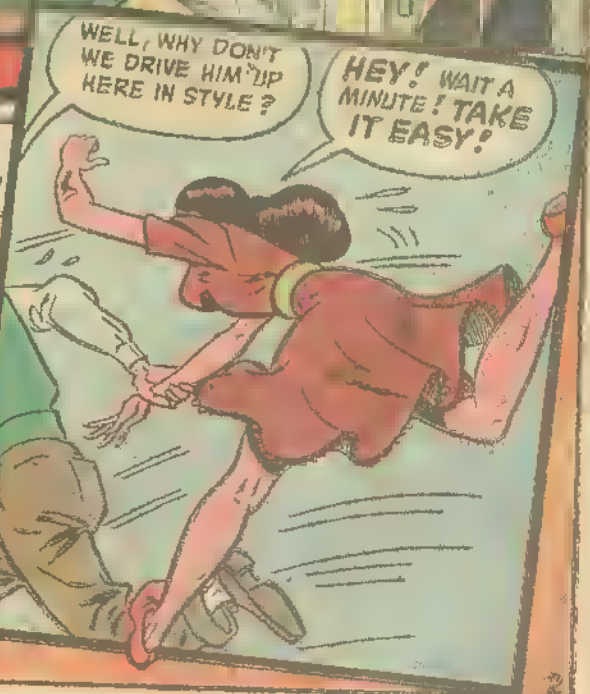
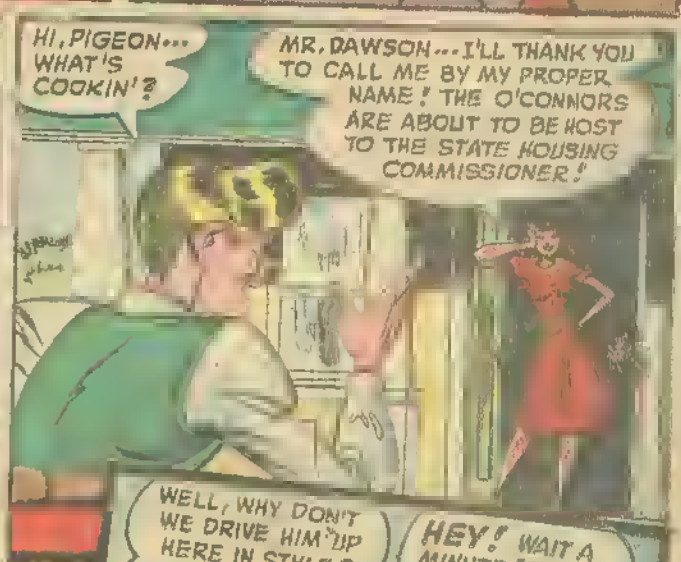
AND NEITHER ARE YOU!

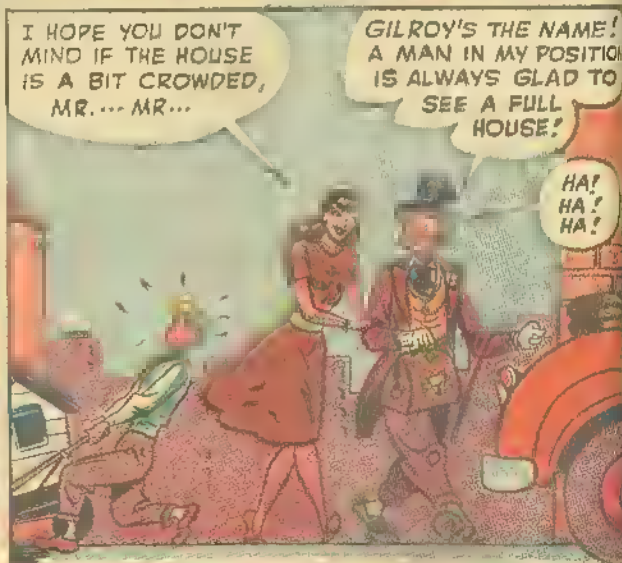
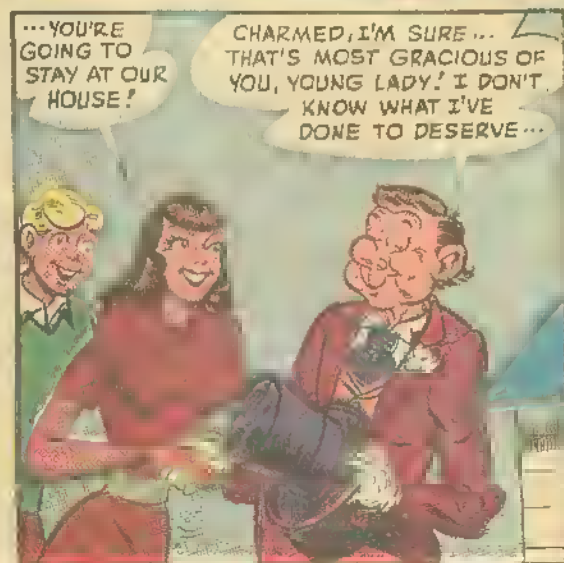
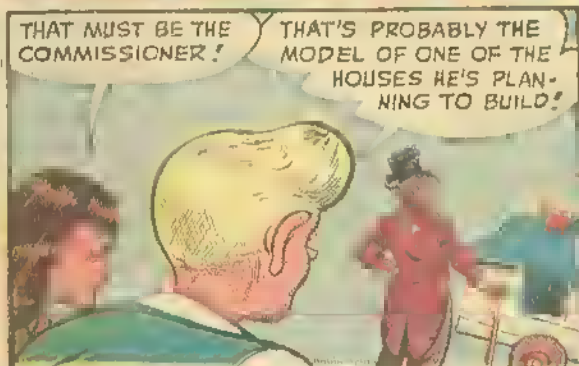
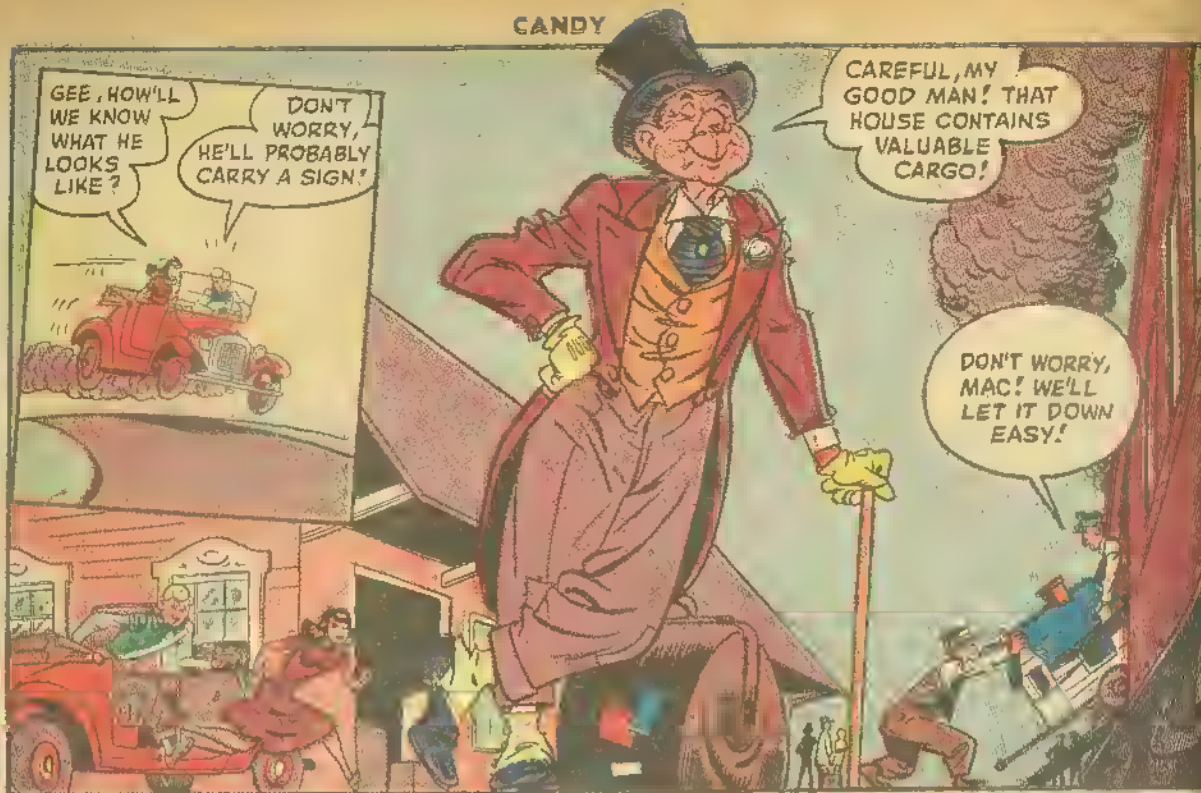
OH, NO! THEN WHO IS?

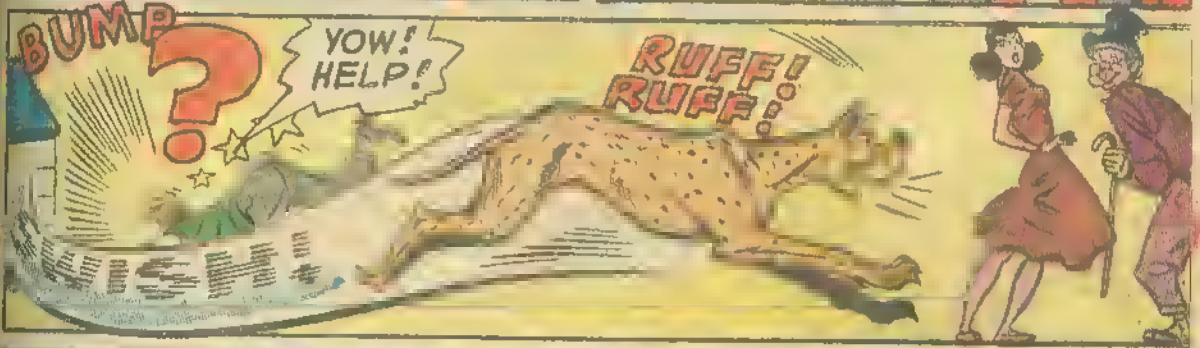
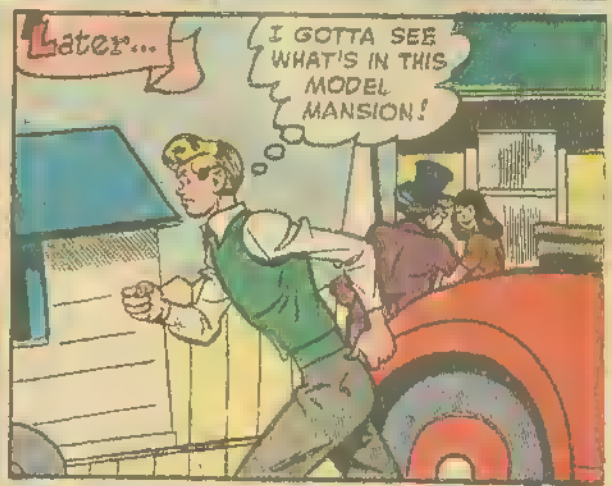
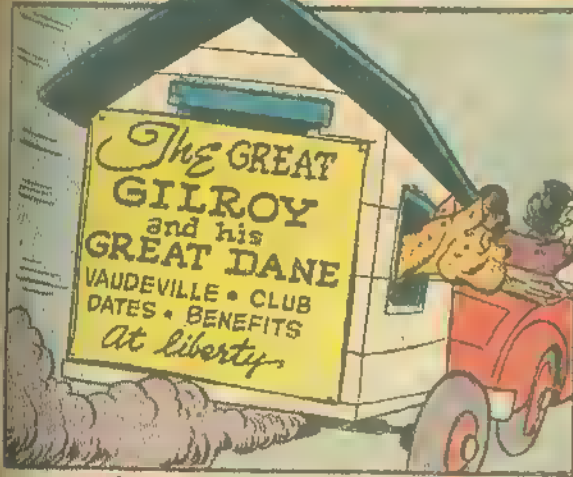
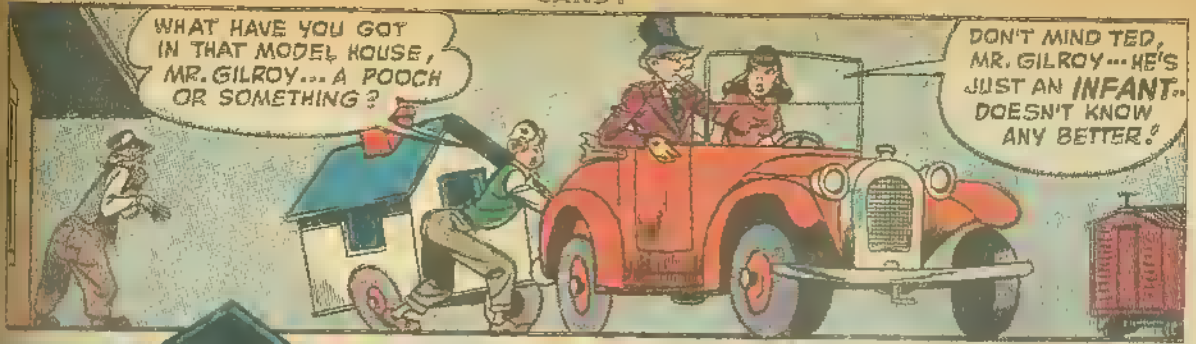
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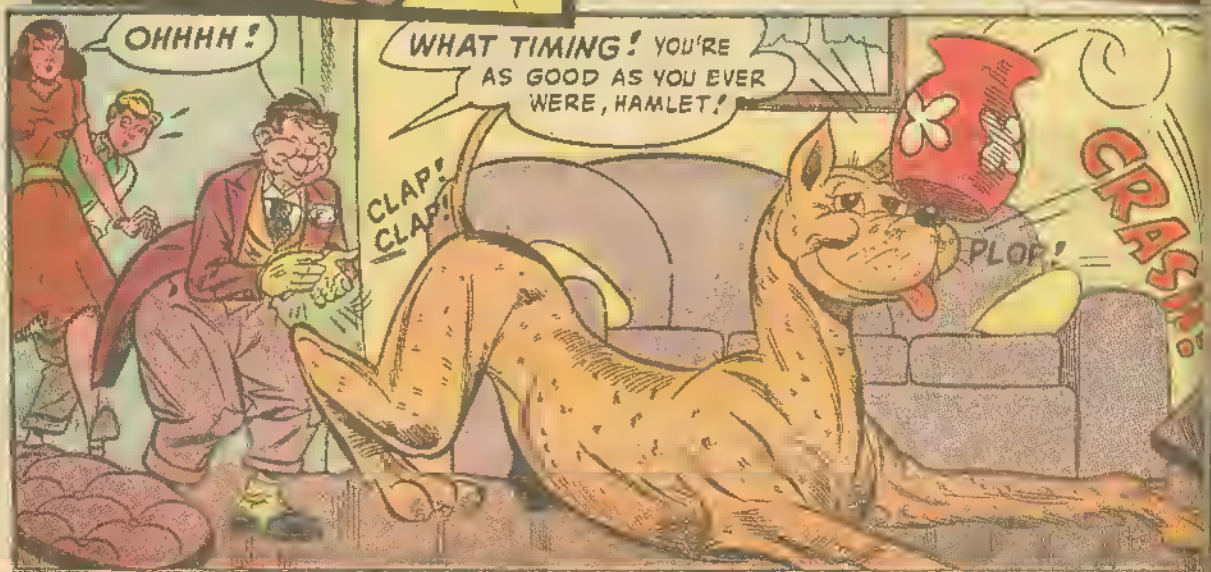
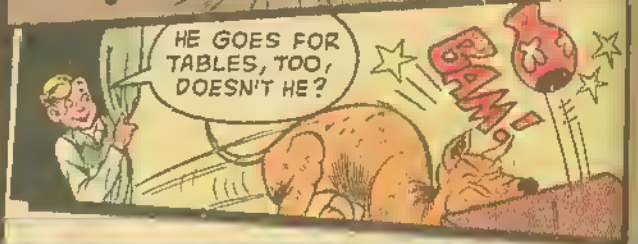
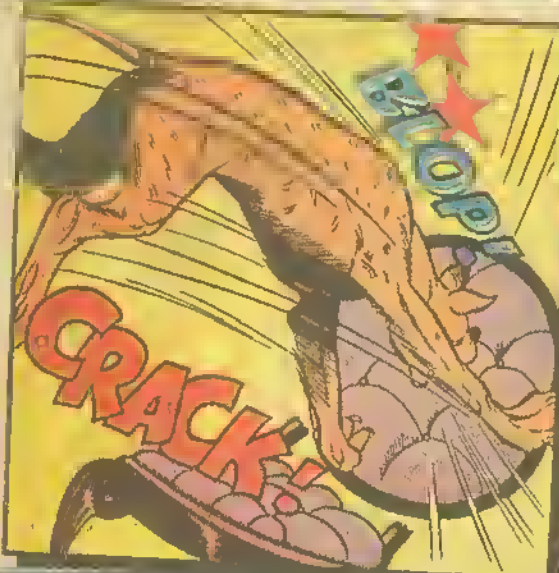
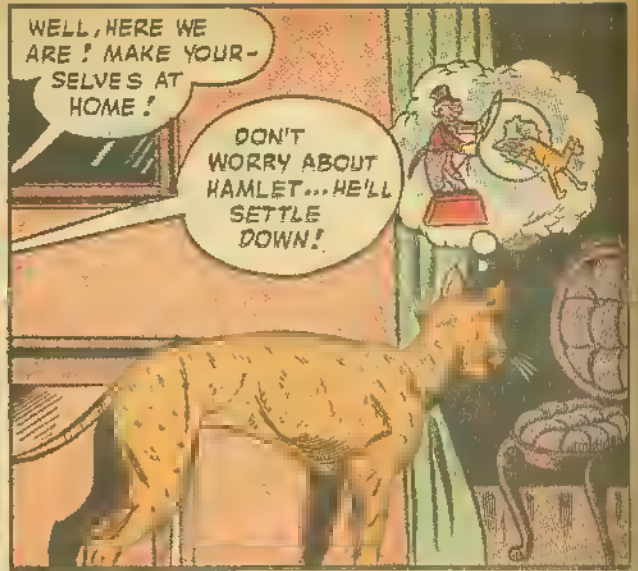
... ME!

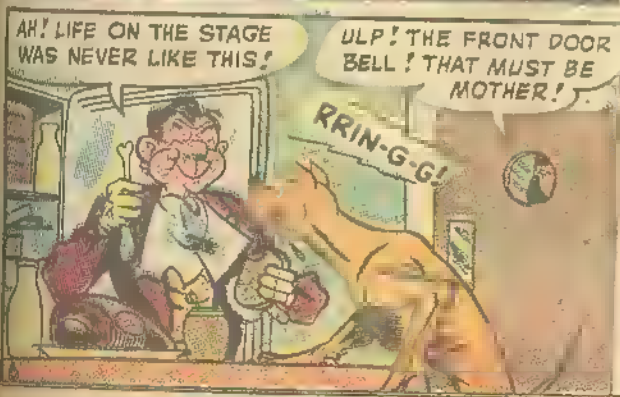
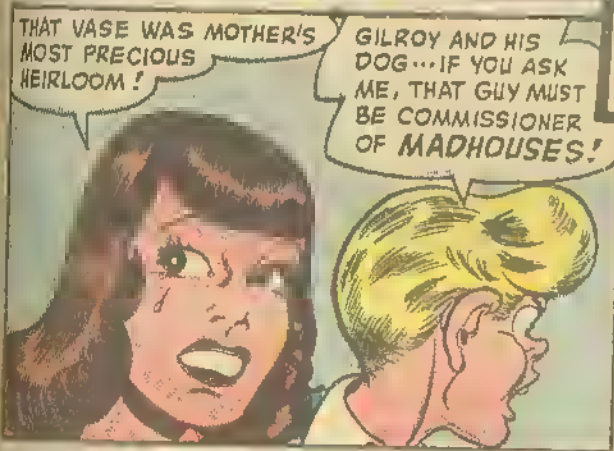
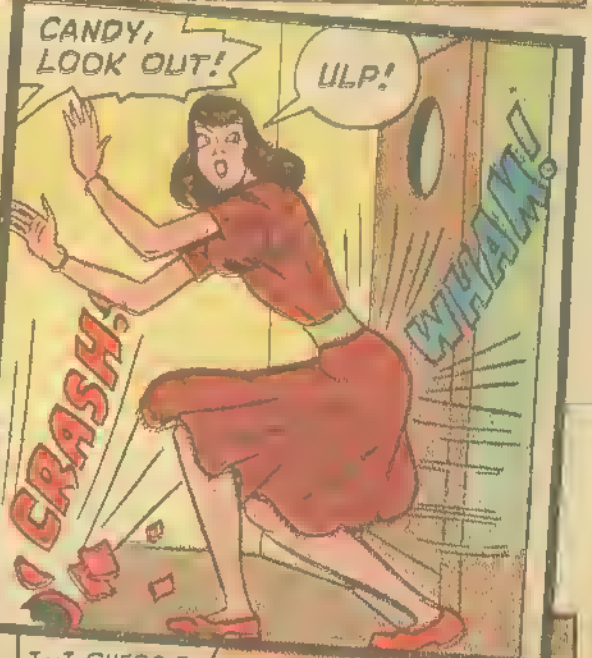
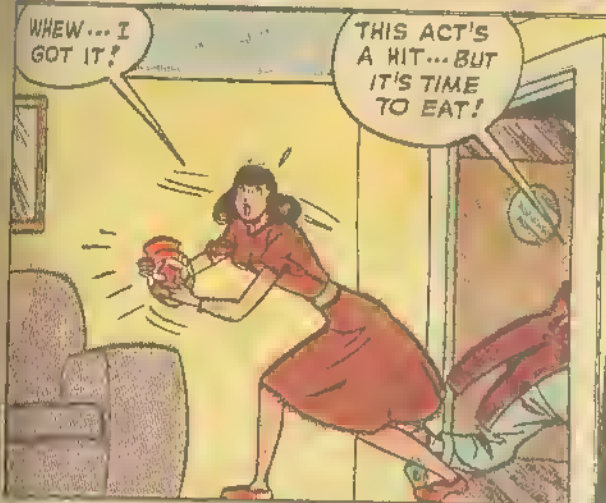












THIS IS MY DAUGHTER
CANDACE! CANOY, I WANT
YOU TO MEET THE
COMMISSIONER... **GULP!**
WHAT'S HAPPENED
TO MY HOUSE?

ULP! COMMISSION-
ER? EXCUSE
ME... UH... I'LL
BE RIGHT BACK!

I GUESS HE'S NOT THE
COMMISSIONER! QUICK,
TEO... GET THEM OUT!

?

!

GIT!

THIS IS A FINE WAY TO
TREAT THE GREAT
GILROY!

I BELIEVE YOU WERE SAYING HOW MUCH
PRIDE YOU TOOK IN YOUR HOME, MRS.
O'CONNOR! YOU SAID YOU HOPED IT
WOULD SERVE AS A TYPICAL EXAMPLE
FOR ALL THE RESIDENTS
OF HARTWICK!
HMMM!

COME UPSTAIRS, COMMISSIONER!
I THINK YOU'LL BE COMFORTABLE
THERE, WHILE I MAKE A FEW
ADJUSTMENTS
DOWNSTAIRS!

HMPF!

GULP!

DO YOU MIND IF I
JOIN THE ACT?

CANDY

WHY?

BUT
POP, A
GUY'S
GOTTA
LIVE!

JITTERS

NOTHIN' DOIN', POP!
I WON'T MAKE A
FOOL OF
MYSELF!

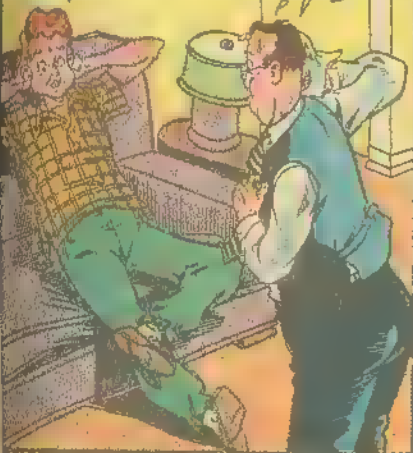
BUT JITTERS,
THIS IS IMPOR-
TANT TO ME,
YOUR FATHER!

JUST TAKE THE
BOSS'S DAUGHTER
TO THE TEEN CLUB
PARTY AND
I'LL--I'LL--

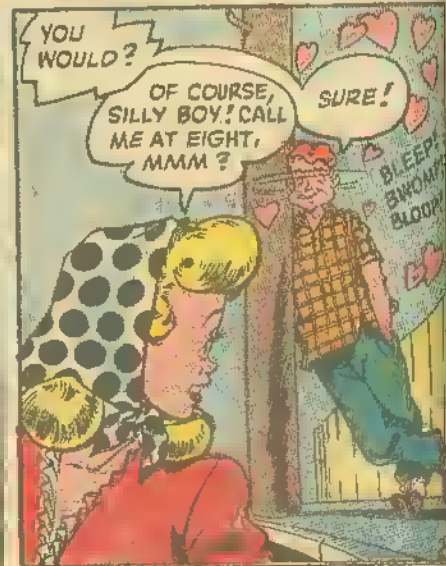
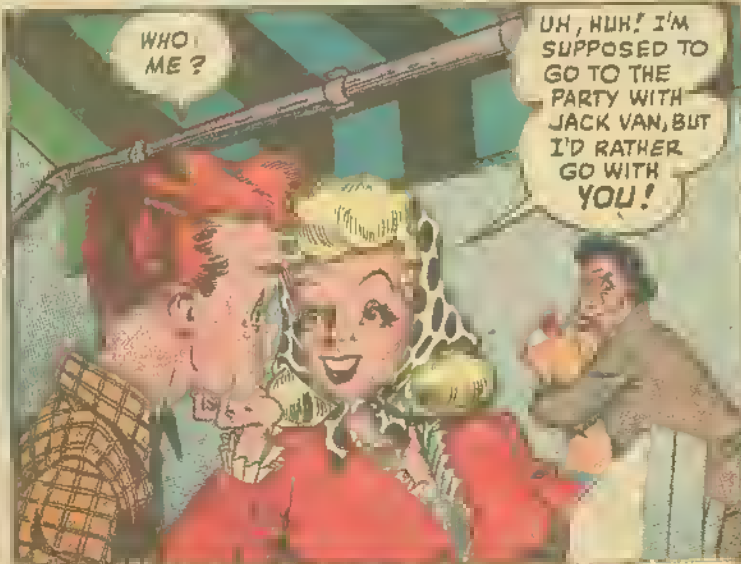
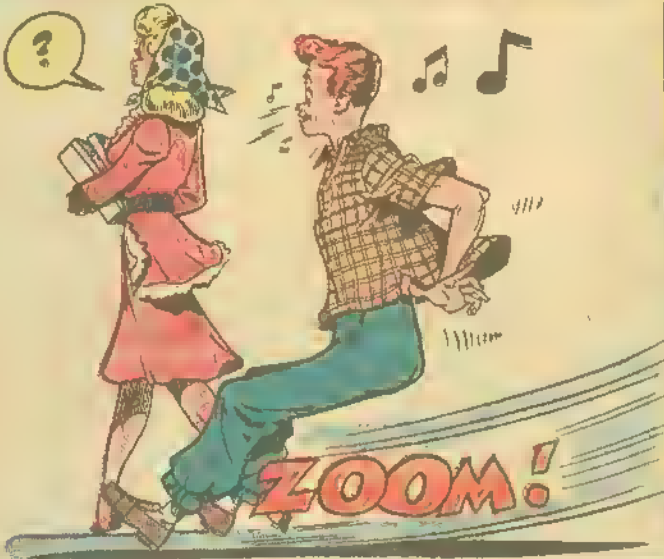
GET
STUCK
WITH A
CREEP
FOR A FULL
EVENING?
NOT A CHANCE!

...I'LL GIVE YOU
FIVE DOLLARS!
ANYWAY, FROM HER
PICTURES, SHE'S
ANYTHING BUT
A---A CREEP!

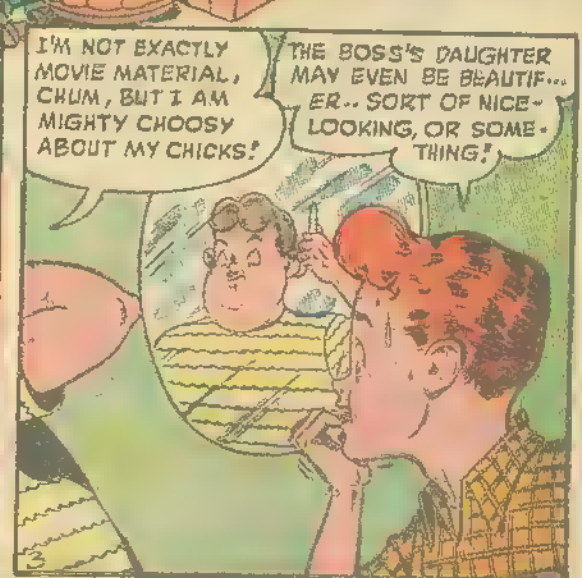
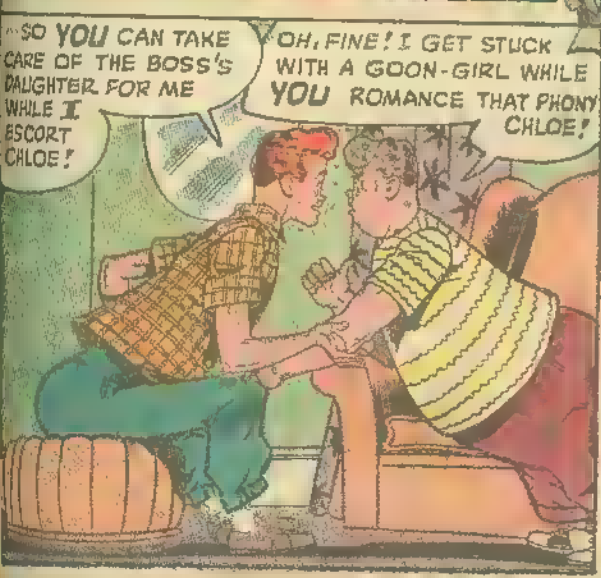
FIVE
BUCKS!
IT'S A DEAL,
POP! ANY-
THING FOR
FATHER,
I ALWAYS
SAY!



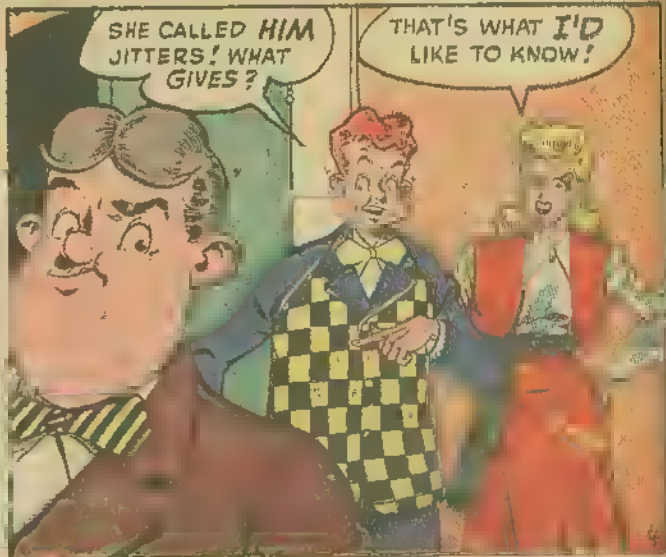
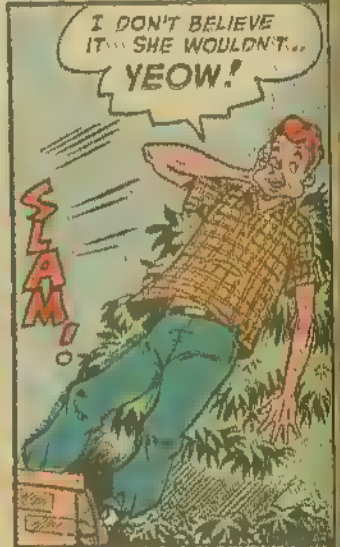
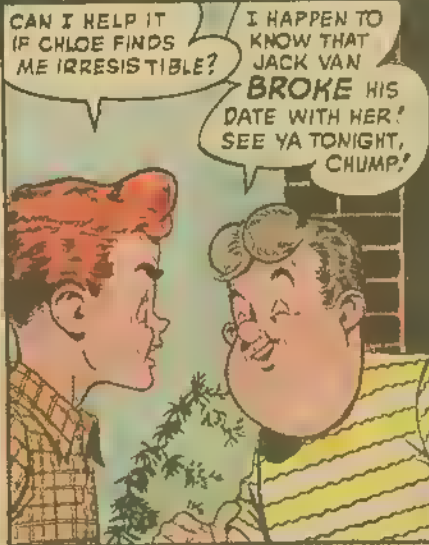
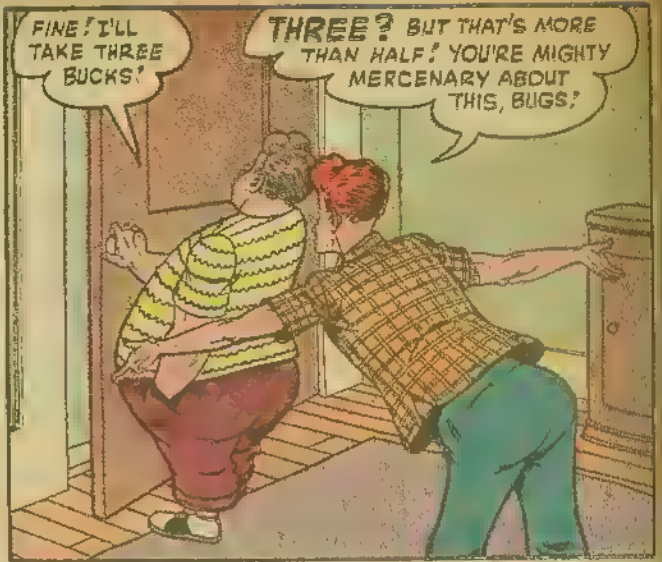
CANDY



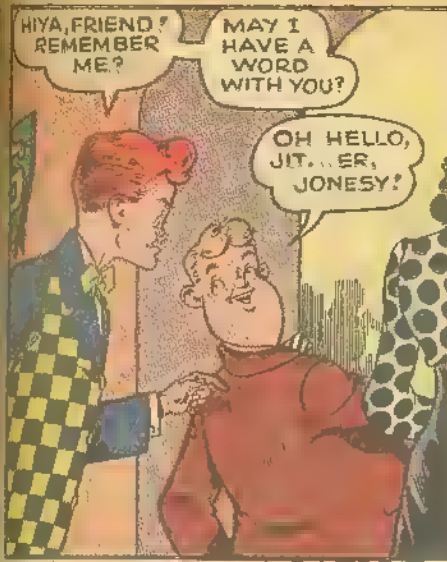
ZOWIE... SHE ASKED ME!
BUT, WHOA... I JUST
REMEMBERED... YIPES!
POP! THE BOSS'S
DAUGHTER!



CANDY



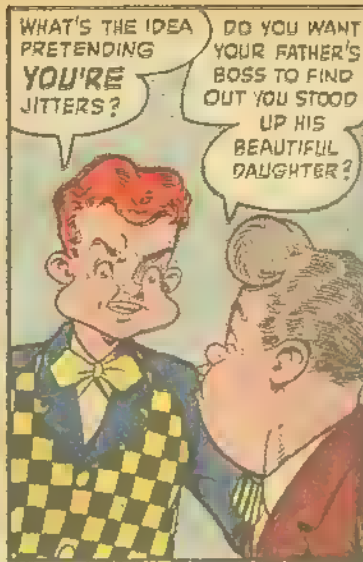
CANDY



HIYA, FRIEND? REMEMBER ME?

MAY I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU?

OH HELLO, JITTERS, JONESY?



WHAT'S THE IDEA PRETENDING YOU'RE JITTERS?

DO YOU WANT YOUR FATHER'S BOSS TO FIND OUT YOU STOOD UP HIS BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER?



JUST THE SAME, WE HAVE TO STICK TOGETHER! MY POP'S ON THE DANCE COMMITTEE AND WE GOTTA PLAY IT SAFE! WOW! THAT LINDA IS A DISH!

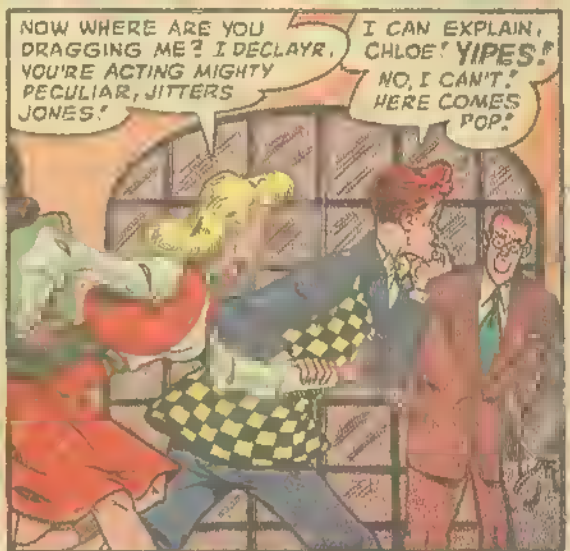
YEAH! NOW AIN'T YOU SORRY?



YOUR FRIEND NEVER LET'S YOU OUT OF HIS SIGHT, DOES HE?

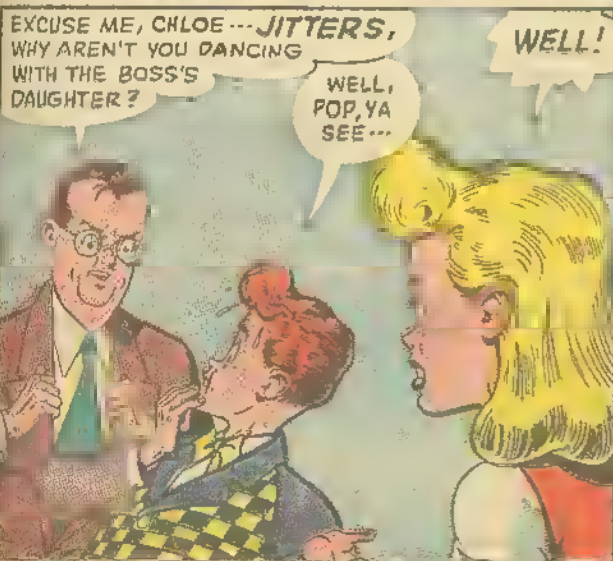
OH, IS HE STILL AROUND?

LET'S MOVE!



NOW WHERE ARE YOU DRAGGING ME? I DECLAYR, YOU'RE ACTING MIGHTY PECULIAR, JITTERS JONES!

I CAN EXPLAIN, CHLOE! YIPES! NO, I CAN'T! HERE COMES POP!



EXCUSE ME, CHLOE---JITTERS, WHY AREN'T YOU DANCING WITH THE BOSS'S DAUGHTER?

WELL, POP, YA SEE---

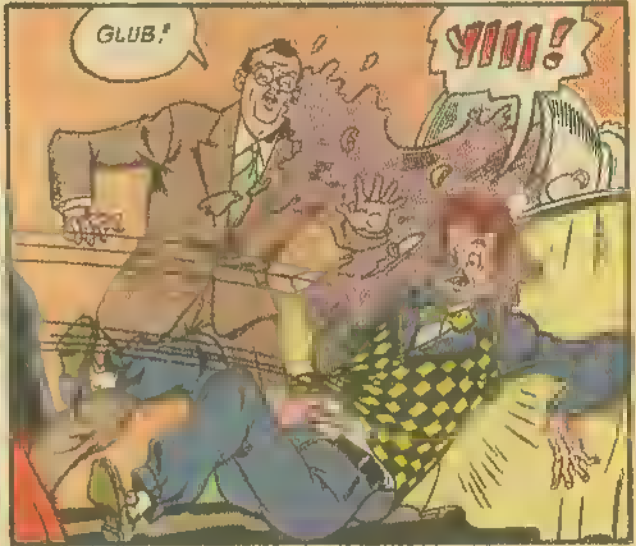
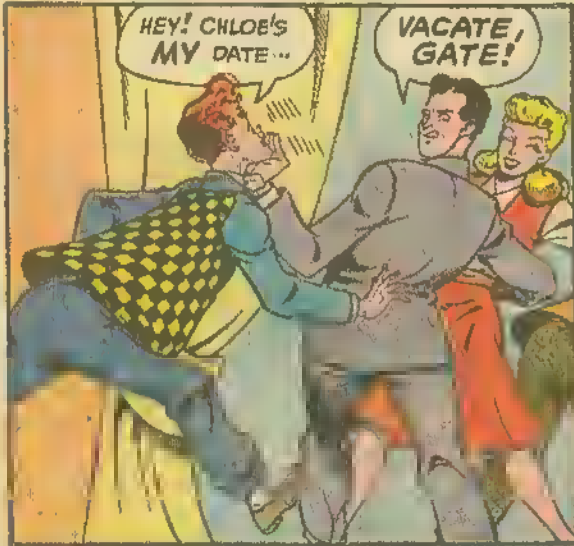
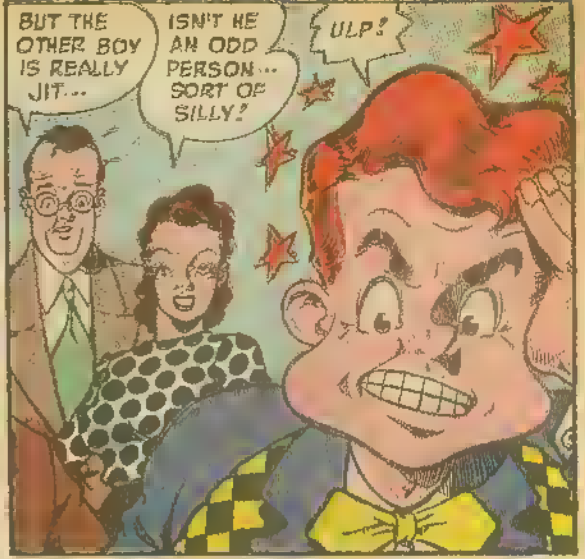
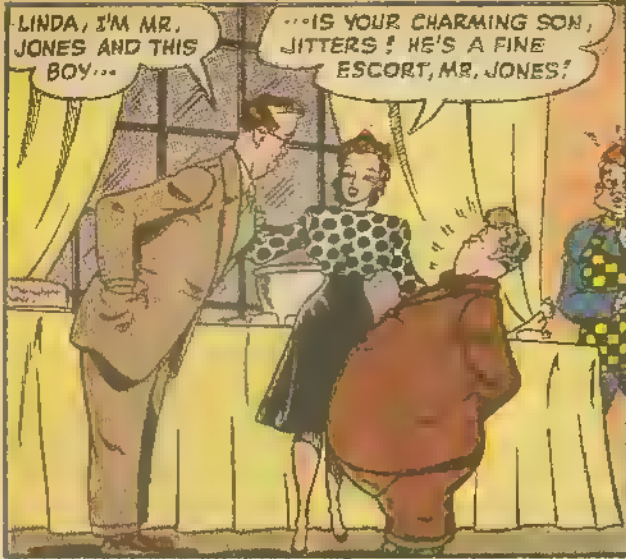
WELL!



I'LL SPEAK TO BUGS ABOUT THIS, TOO!

WHY, JACK VAN, YOU DAKLIN' BOY!

HOW ABOUT A DANCE, CHLOE?



VACATION

INTO The Past

THE trailer had been a beauty—shiny and sleek. But now, as it jounced down the rutted trail, it resembled an enormous dusty bug, covered with a layer of white alkali powder.

Death Valley!

Candy O'Connor clung to the wheel of her small coupe, trying to keep it in the twin ruts that formed the trail. Behind her the trailer hitch squeaked and clanked.

"Oh, it's beautiful even if it is a desert!" cried Candy, as she gazed rapturously around the sere landscape. Trish, her rather bookish girlfriend, sat on the seat beside her, oblivious of her surroundings, not even hearing Candy speak. She was deep in a book.

"Trish!" cried Candy. "How can you, with all this beauty everywhere?" She gave Trish a poke in the ribs.

"Huh?" said Trish blankly, peering through her glasses. "What?"

"What!" squealed Candy. "Look! You haven't seen any of it. It's Death Valley!"

Trish nodded unconcernedly as she gave a hasty glance at the burned-out hills and the long stretch of white desert floor toward which they were going. "Ugly, isn't it?" was her comment.

Candy made a face in the rear-view mirror. She had hoped this would be the vacation to end all vacations. The West—the great wide-open spaces. Death Valley!

And there sat Trish, with her nose buried in a dull old book! Oh, well. . . .

That evening the two girls backed their trailer into a space between dusty ocotillo bushes, got out the gear and began preparing dinner. They had just begun making flapjacks when a tinkling bell caused both of them to look up. An old man was coming down an arroyo, leading a wizened burro which was loaded with the implements of a prospector.

"Oh, look, Trish," whispered Candy, "an old desert rat! He's coming toward us."

The old man came up and halted his burro. "Howdy, gals," he said. "Just in time fer chow, I see."

"W-why, yes," said Candy a little timidly. She knew nothing about these old desert char-

acters, only what little she had read. "Come and join us."

The old man pulled some pans off the burro.

"Ever eat any sour-dough biscuits?" he asked.

Candy said no.

"Then I'll stir up some ef ye don't mind."

The old prospector went about preparing his biscuits, and in a moment they were baking on a piece of tin the oldster supplied from his pack.

Candy finished the bacon and began pouring coffee into tin cups. The biscuits were finished. The old man took them off the piece of tin and laid two on each girl's plate.

"Sink your fangs into 'em," he said with a grin. "Ain't nothin' ever beat 'em."

He was right, the girls soon found. They thoroughly enjoyed the biscuits, and the old prospector, too. After dinner, he leaned back, filled and lit his pipe, and began talking.

"Out here on a little pasear?" he asked.

"We're on our vacation," Trish told him.

The old man puffed hard on his pipe. "Ye picked a mighty dry place, gals. An' spooky."

"Spooky?" said Candy. "You mean—"

"Spooks," said the old man casually. "This place is full of 'em—spooks of dead Injuns and trappers and prospectors. They all gather around campfires at night and hold meetings. Chances is some of 'em'll be here tonight."

The girls gave a quick glance around. It was growing dark rapidly. The soft mauve shades of evening were growing into a deep purple. Far down to the west a red-gold flame seared the horizon, but it, too, quickly faded out.

Spooks!

The old man at last rolled himself in his blankets and closed his eyes. "Might just as well git some shut-eye," he said drowsily. "Good night, gals."

"G-g-good night," replied Candy. She gave another glance around, imagined she saw a moving shadow, and gave a little gasp. The old man chuckled to himself.

"Don't worry none, miss. I don't think any

spooks is gonna visit us in partic'lar tonight. Better sleep."

The girls did get to sleep after a long time. While they slept, the old man got up and silently went down the valley with his burro, whose bell he had removed. It was the dark hour before dawn.

Candy opened her eyes first. It was cold, as it always gets in the desert at dawn. She sat up and yawned. The valley a few miles away was already alight. Candy rubbed her eyes and looked again. Then, with a strangled yelp, she began shaking Trish.

"Trish, Trish! Wake up!"

Trish came to her senses muttering sleepily.

"What's going on?" she asked a bit testily. "I'm sleepy."

"Look down in the valley!" cried Candy, pointing.

Trish looked. What she saw brought a gasp from her.

"My gosh," said said, "a wagon train being attacked by Indians! They're circling the wagons and the white men are firing! What is this? I thought wagon trains were a thing of the past. And the Indians—where did they come from?"

Candy couldn't speak for a moment. "D-do you suppose, Trish," she quavered, "that we're just seeing things—that they're spooks, like the old prospector said?"

Trish shook her head vigorously. "Bunk. I can hear the shooting. Ghosts don't make noises. That's the real thing. But I can't figure it out."

The wagon train was now formed in a tight circle, from which flashes of fire and black smoke issued at quick intervals—rifle fire.

The Indians rode fast, shooting arrows at the white canvas tops. Occasionally the girls could see an Indian topple from his horse and roll over the ground, victim of a bullet.

"Yes," said Candy, "it's the real thing, all right. Look at the dead Indians!"

Suddenly one of the wagon tops burst into flame. They heard the wild yells of the Indians and a vicious burst of rifle fire.

"The Indians have fired a blazing arrow into a wagon," said Trish, "just like they used to do in the old days. If the whole train catches fire, it'll be bad for those poor folks."

"There come more Indians!" exclaimed Candy, pointing to a large group of fast-moving horsemen approaching over a low hill.

A great yell broke from the Indians at the sight of their reinforcements. And now the two parties joined forces against the wagon train.

"They'll be wiped out," said Trish. "They haven't a chance against so many Indians."

Candy suddenly yelped again. "Look, Trish! Soldiers!"

It was true. A company of blue-clad cavalry came galloping over the hill behind the second party of Indians. Their bugles sounded the charge. They stormed down upon the Indians, their pistols squirting smoke. The Indians pulled up, made a half hearted charge, then scattered in every direction. But not before several more had fallen from their horses. Two cavalrymen also lay on the ground.

"Well," breathed Trish, "I do believe the cavalry chased them off. But look, Candy—those soldiers are dressed in the style of the early eighties! What is this? Did we get into some fourth dimension, where time is turned backward?"

"Howdy, gals!"

Candy and Trish whirled around. The old prospector stood near by, holding the rein of his sleepy burro. He grinned.

"The spooks waited till daylight to come," he said matter-of-factly. "But the cavalry did fer the Injuns plenty fast, eh?"

The girls couldn't talk for a moment. Then Trish gasped, "But I don't understand. That's like something that happened sixty years ago! Where are we, Mister? Are we crazy?"

"Nope," said the old man. "An' ye ain't seein' things thet ain't there. Know what ye seen just now?"

The girls shook their heads in unison.

"Wal, I'll tell ye," said the prospector. He removed his hat and whiskers with a flourish and bowed. The girls saw with a start that his hair was black, that he was clean-shaven under the false beard.

When he straightened, he was smiling.

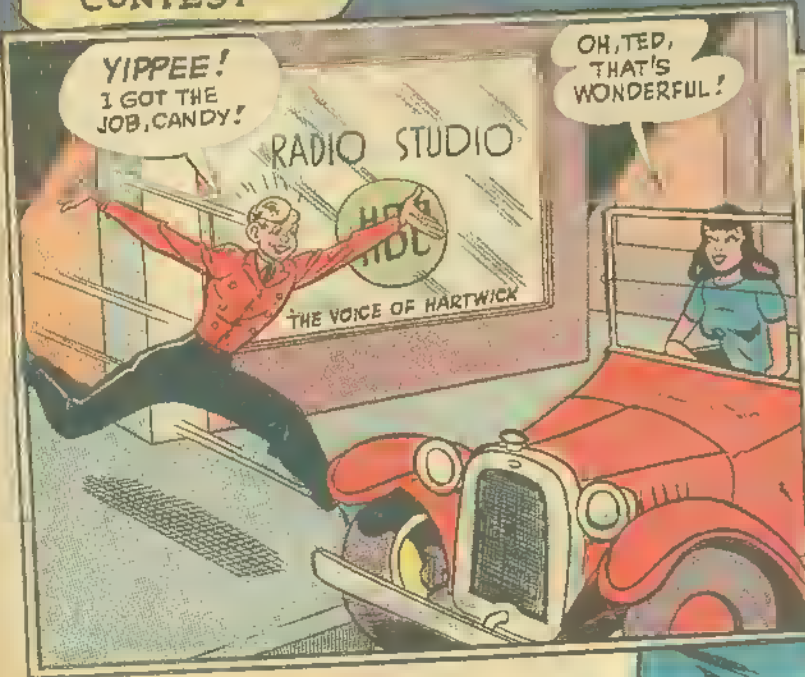
"I'm Jack O'Brien, at your service," said the pseudo-prospector with a chuckle. "I was the leader of that wagon train from Missouri to Californy. They call the picture 'Wagon Train.'"

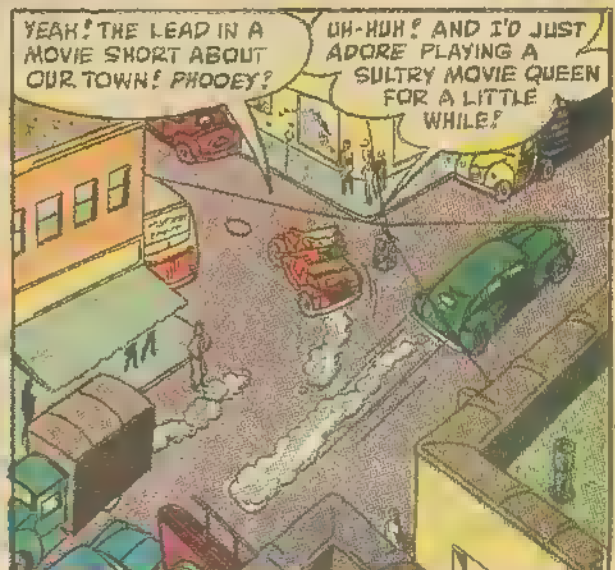
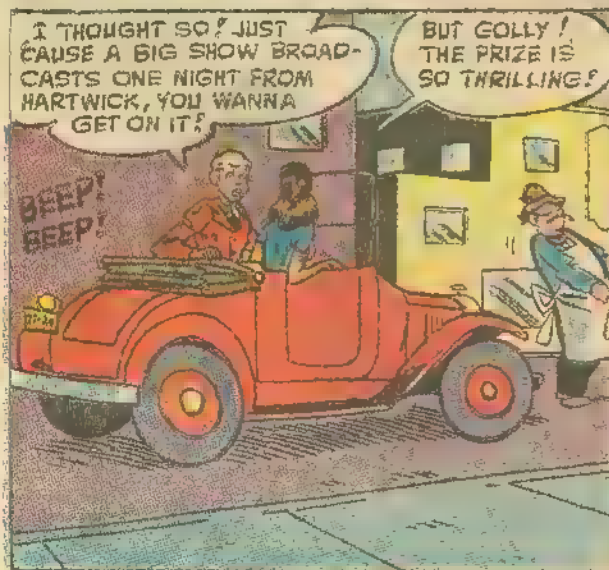
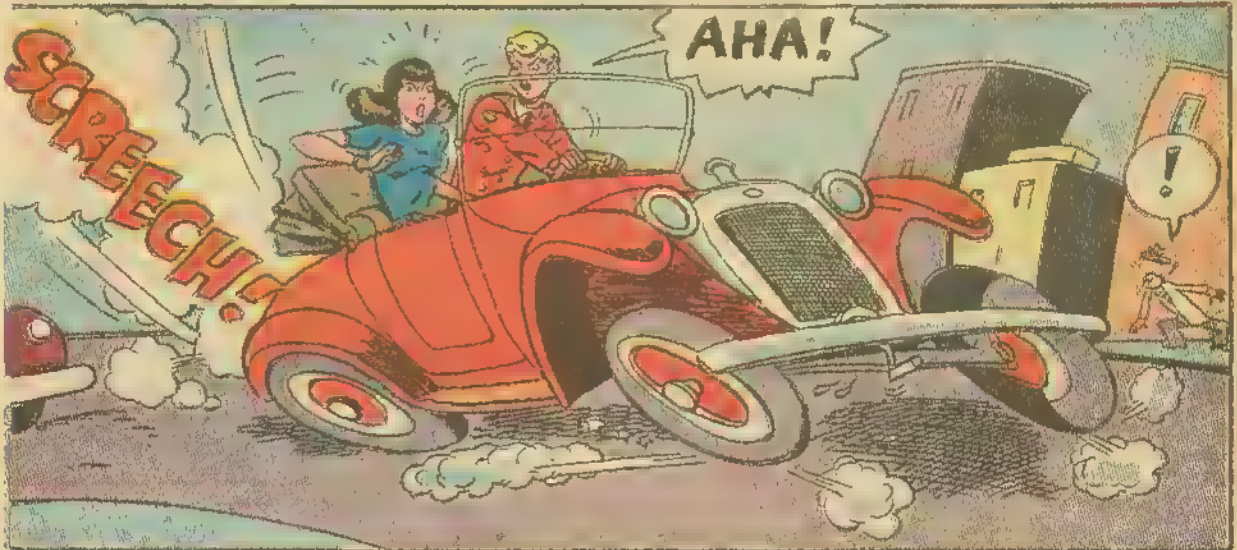
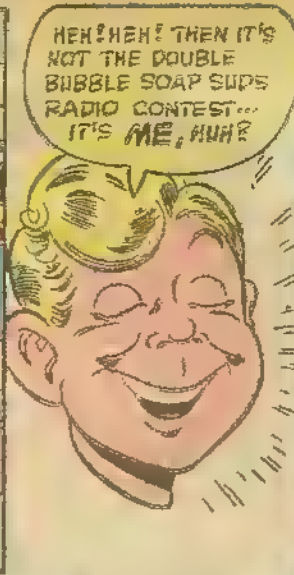
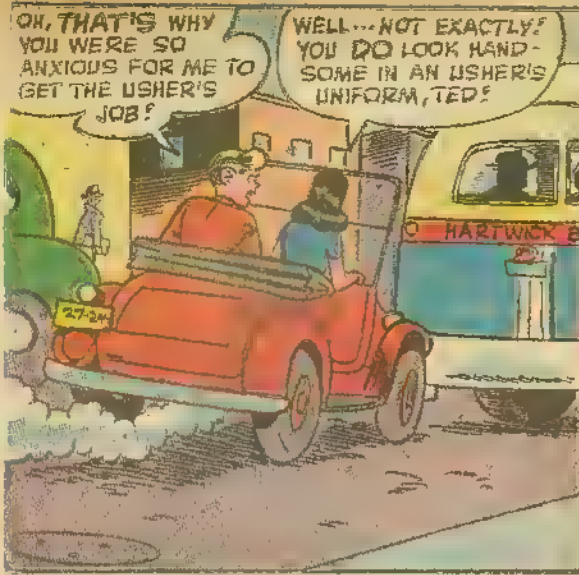
"Oh!" cried Candy. "It's a movie!"

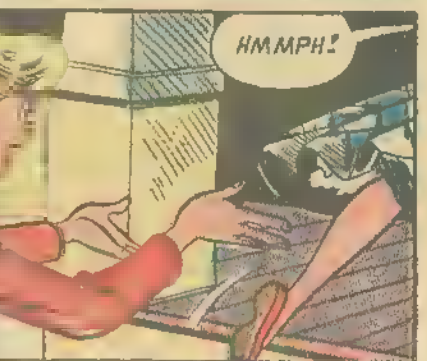
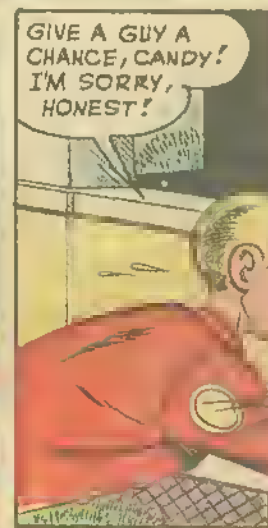
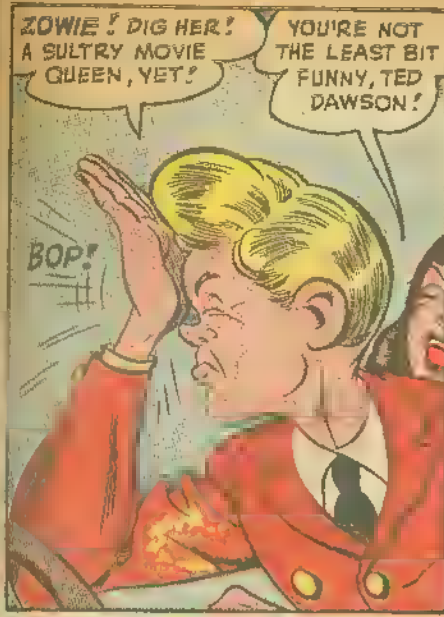
"Hmmm!" snorted Trish. "A fine trick to pull on a couple of Easterners!"

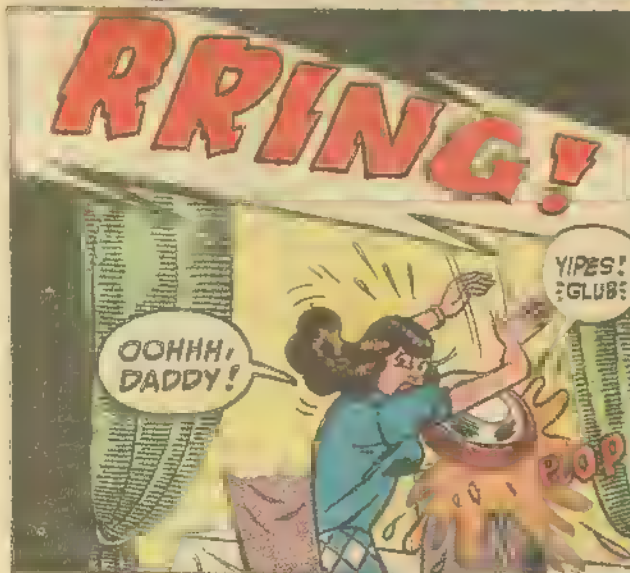
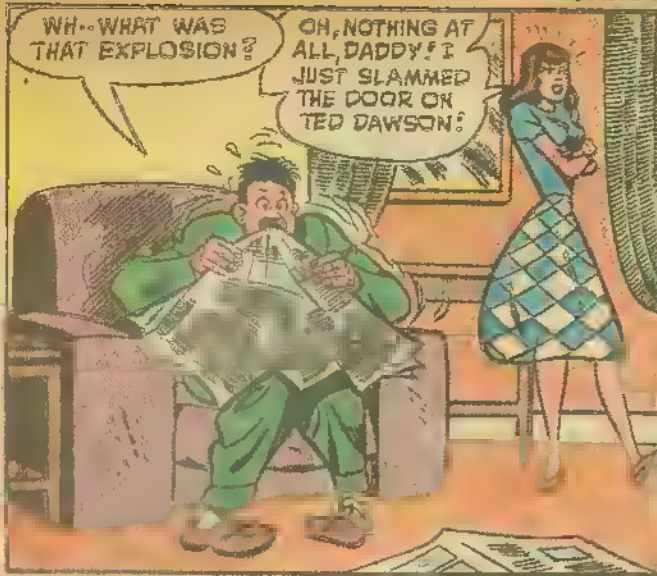
But Candy saw the humor of the joke. She said, sprightly, "It's our breakfast time, Mr. Jack O'Brien. How about some more of those sour-dough biscuits—or can't you make 'em out of character?"

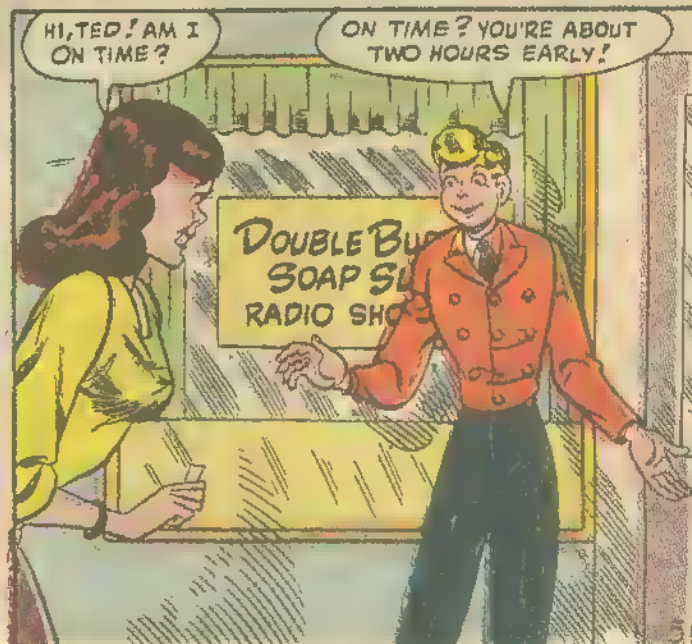
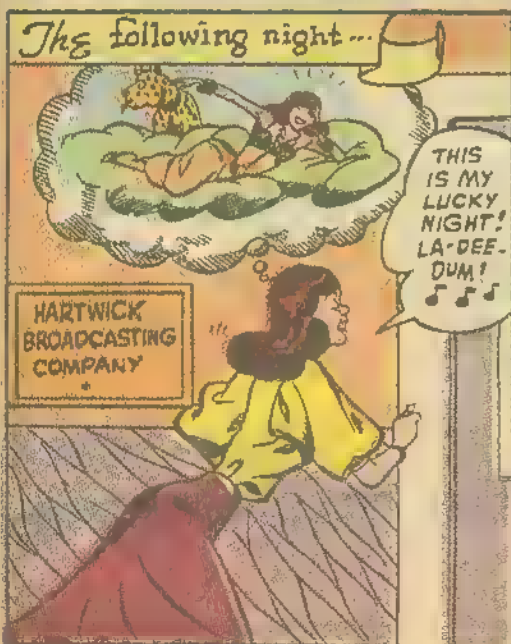
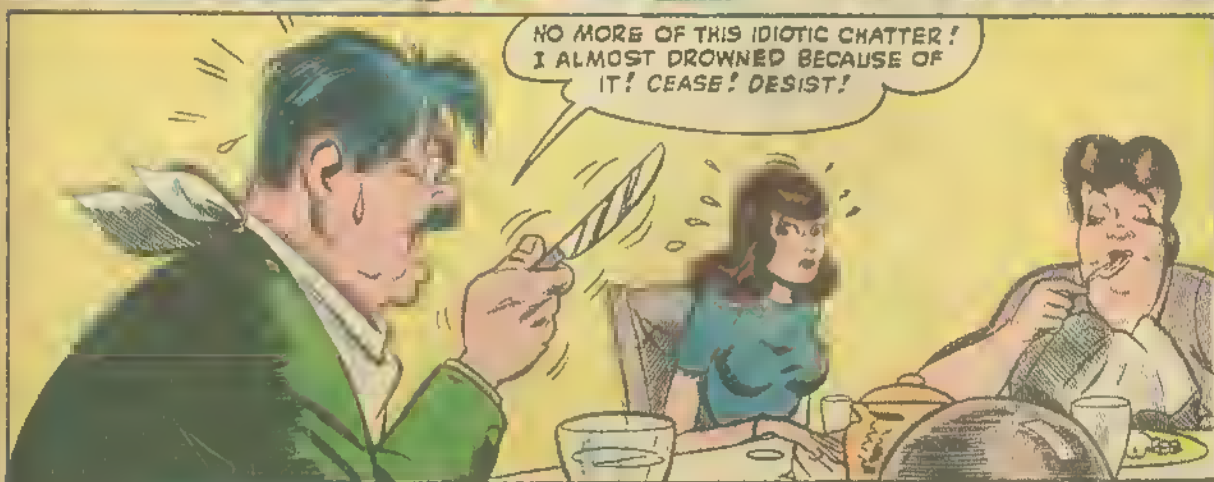
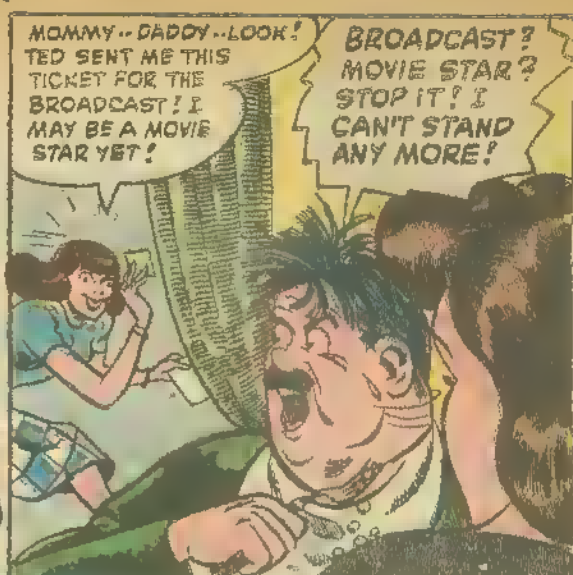
"Can do," said Jack, rolling up his sleeves. "They're still better'n those cookies in Hollywood."

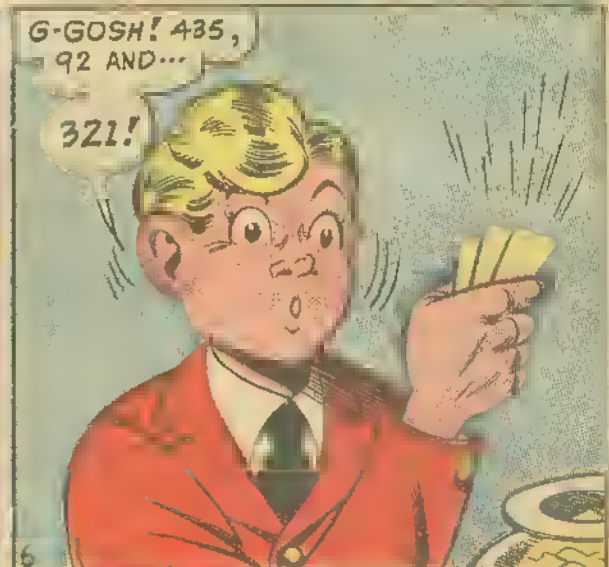
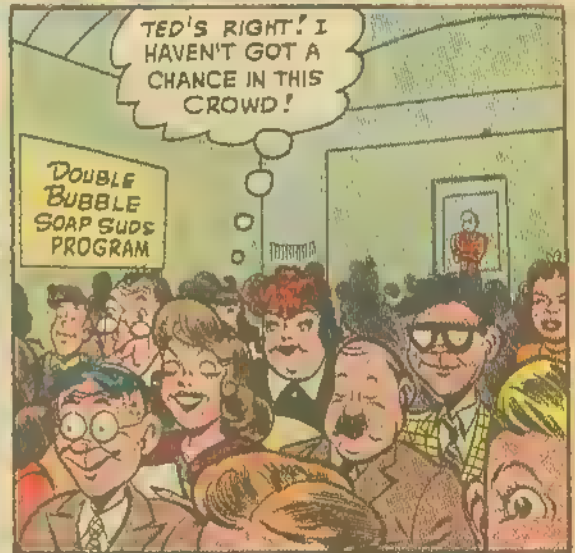
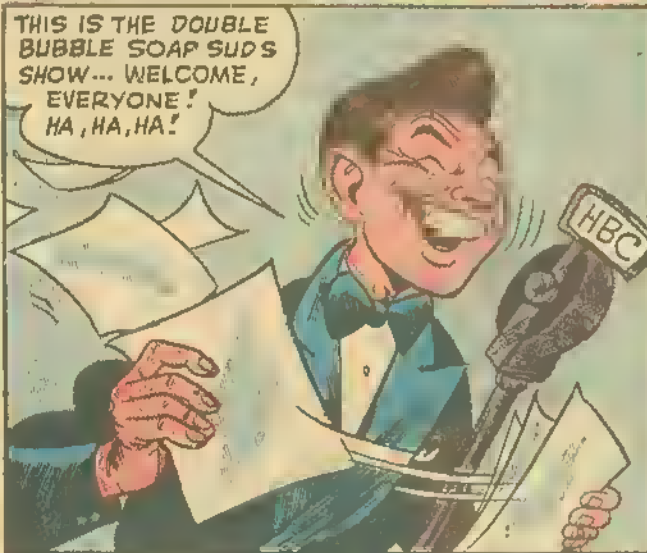
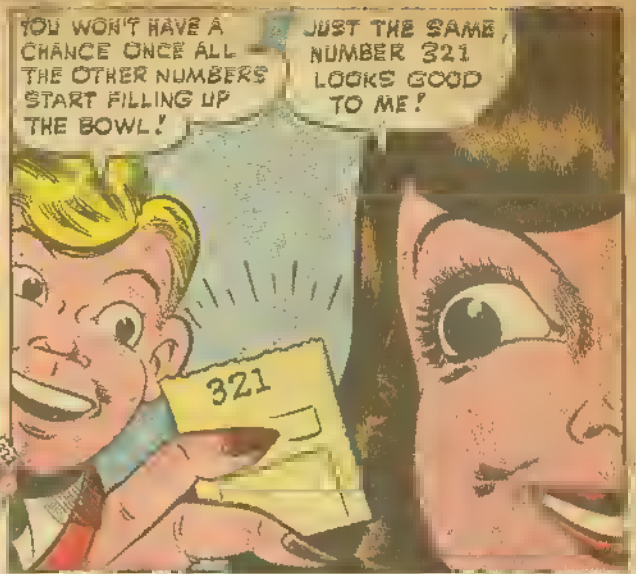


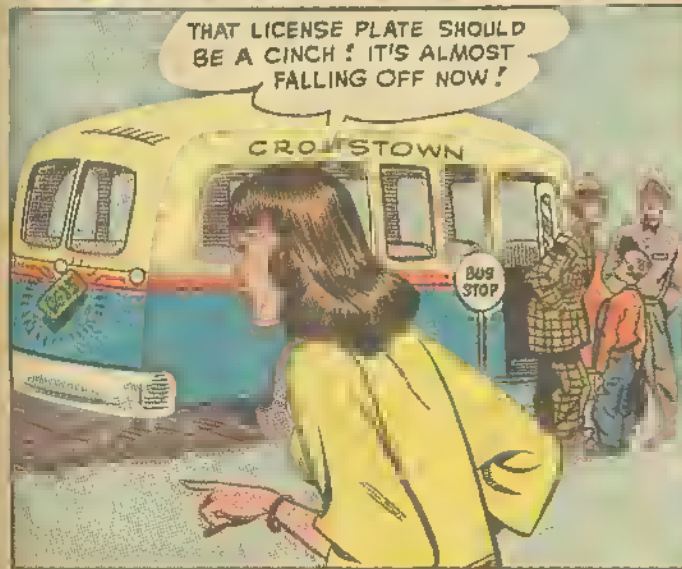
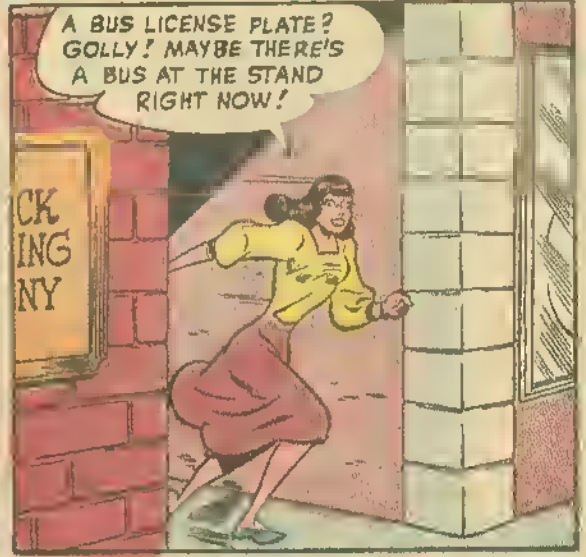
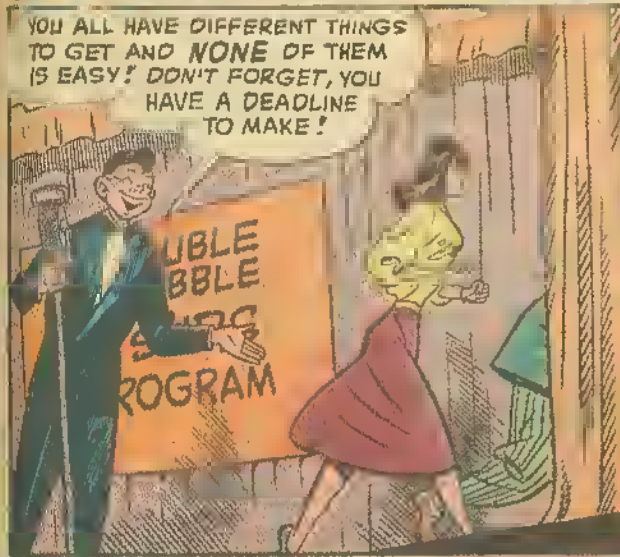


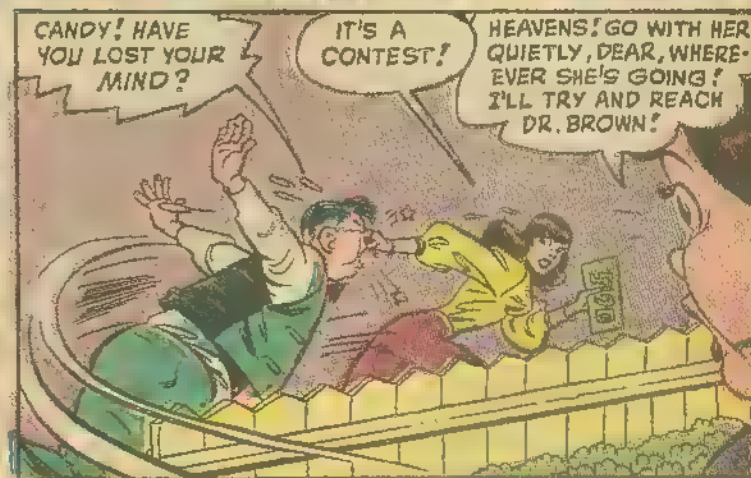
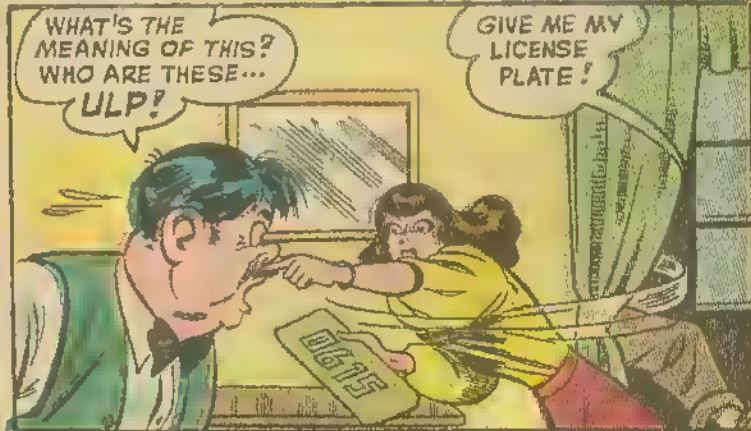
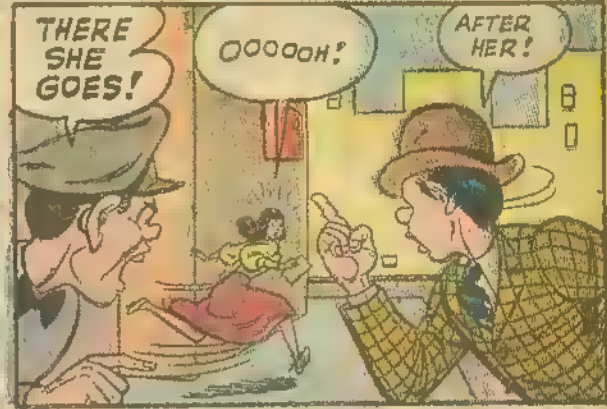
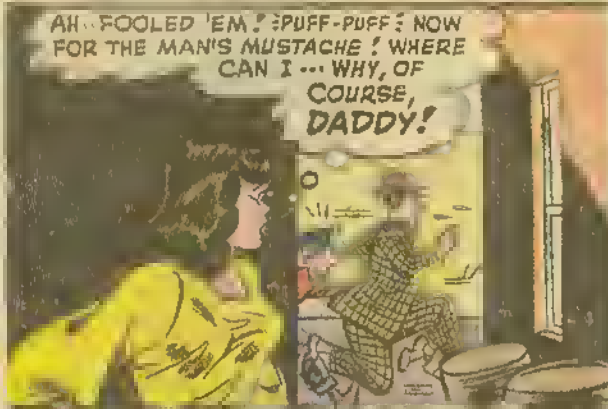
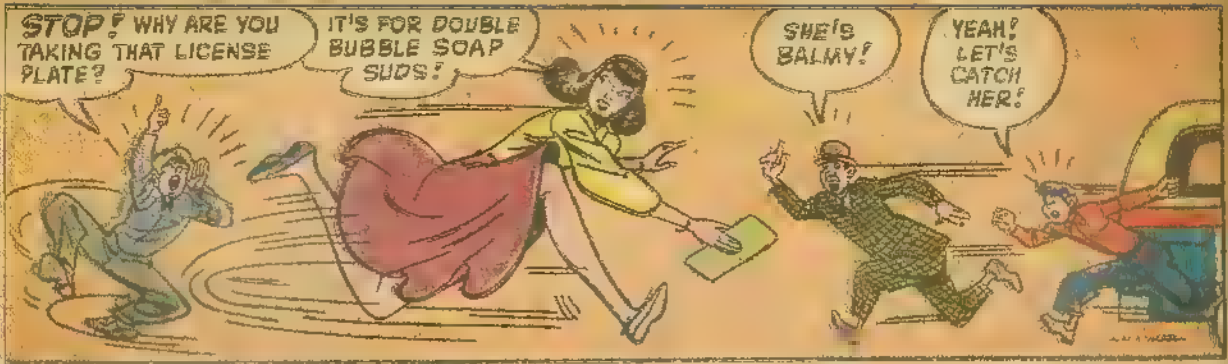


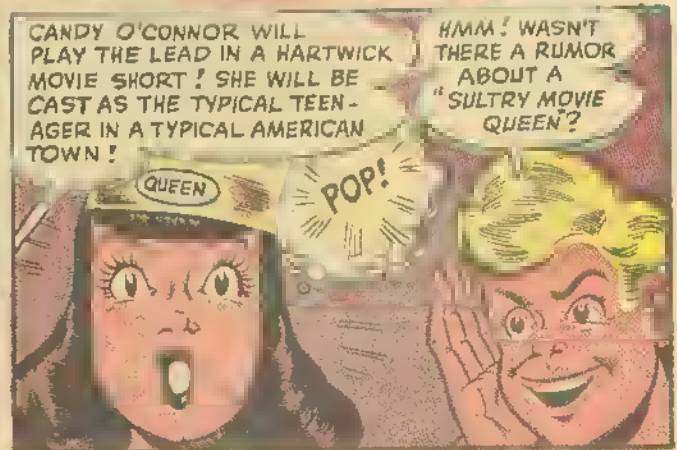
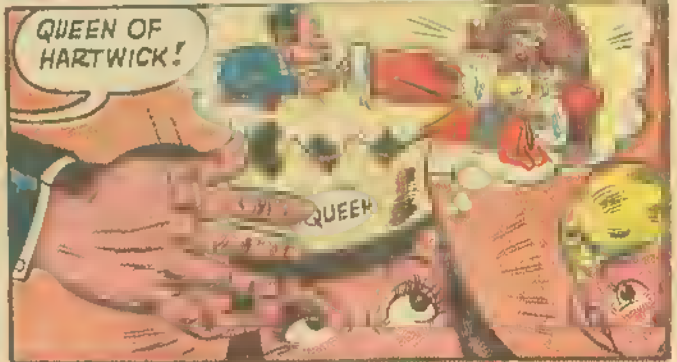
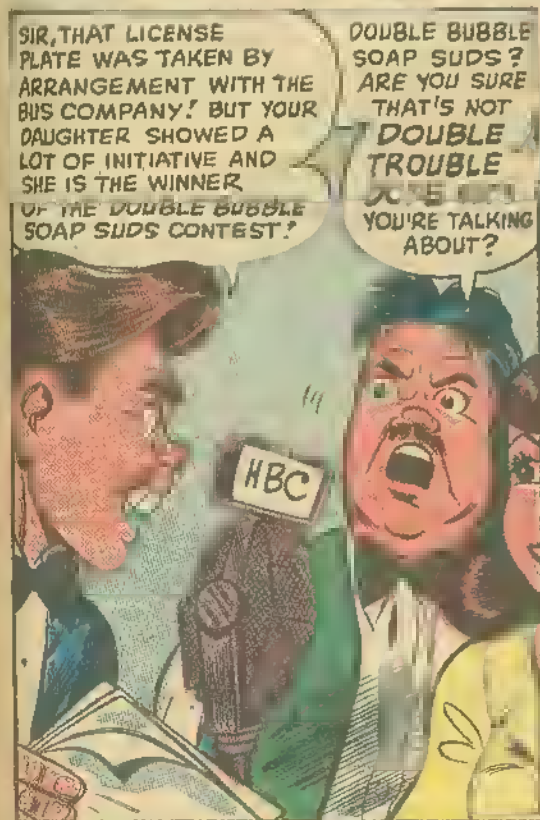
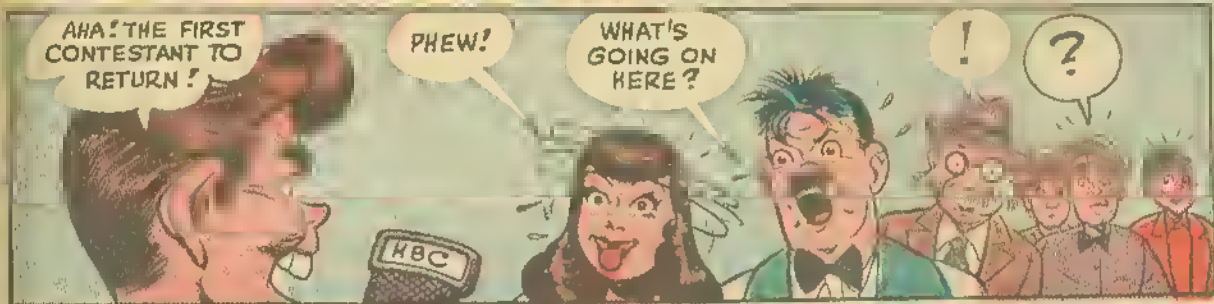
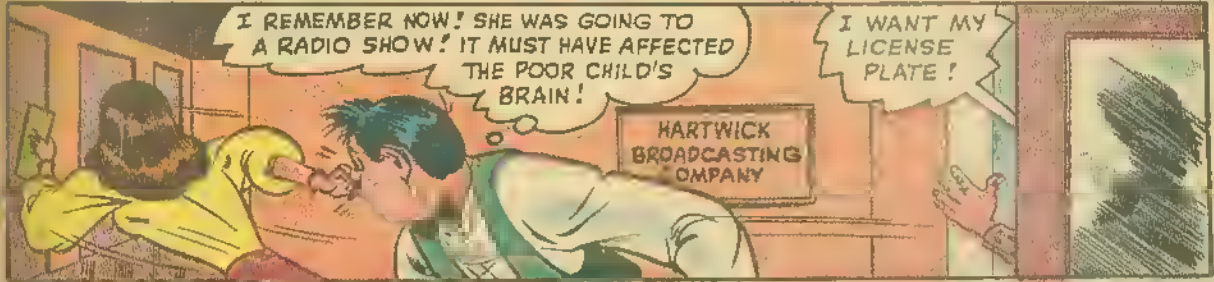












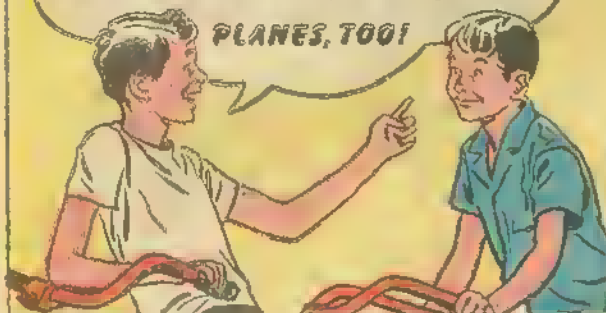
WOW!

LOOK AT JOE GO ON
HIS NEW BIKE!

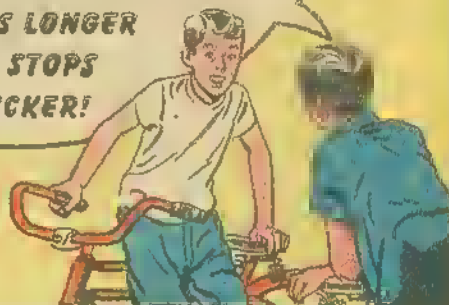


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GAME CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF DARKNESS, BOYS!

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OUT WEST,
DEPUTY U.S.
ROYAL AND
THE BOYS OF
THE ELM CITY
BIKE CLUB
ARE ENJOYING
THE SIGHTS,
WHEN
SUDDENLY...

SAY, ROYAL,
WHO'S KICKING UP
ALL THAT DUST
DOWN THERE IN
THE VALLEY?

RUSTLERS! AND
THE POSSE'S
NOT FAR BEHIND!



AND AS ROYAL WATCHES THE CHASE THROUGH
HIS GLASSES, HE SEES...

GOOD! THE
POSSE CAN'T
FIGURE WHICH
WAY WE WENT!

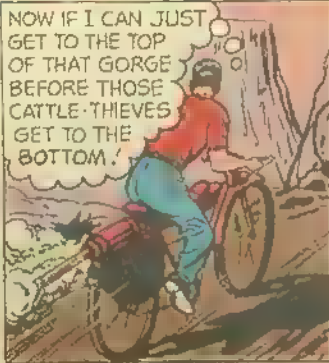
WELL, KEEP RIDIN'...
WE AIN'T SAFE TILL
WE GET THROUGH THE
GORGE UP AHEAD...



FELLAS, YOU TWO BIKE DOWN AND
TELL THE POSSE TO HEAD FOR THE
GORGE... I'LL HAVE A NICE SURPRISE
THERE WAITING FOR THEM!



NOW IF I CAN JUST
GET TO THE TOP
OF THAT GORGE
BEFORE THOSE
CATTLE-THIEVES
GET TO THE
BOTTOM!



I MADE IT! THESE
ROCKS WILL FORCE THEM
TO TURN BACK... RIGHT
INTO THE HANDS OF
THE POSSE!



BOYS, LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE
PUT AN END TO THIS RUSTLIN'
RACKET... THAT WAS MIGHTY
FAST WORK ON YOUR PART!

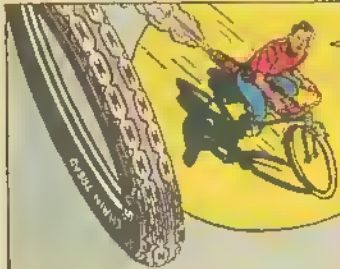
YOU MEAN MIGHTY
FAST BIKING...
THANKS TO OUR U.S.
ROYAL BIKE TIRES!



FELLAS, SPEED AND SAFETY ARE REALLY
"BUILT INTO" U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES--
WITH THEIR SPECIAL BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN.



"TAKE MY TIP ON BIKE TIRES--
TAKE THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN"...SAYS U.S. ROYAL



IF YOU WANT TO BE SURE OF FIRM FOOTING...
SAFE, QUICK STOPS... MAXIMUM MILEAGE...
PERFECT CONTROL-- BE SURE TO GET U.S.
ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT SPECIAL BUILT-
IN SKID CHAIN MAKES THEM TOPS IN TIRES.

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science